

Per Annos



King's Hall

1953

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June 1953

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Editorial

"Keep Troth" is the motto emblazoned on our crests; it is a constant reminder to us to keep faith with the highest ideals that have been set before us. We must be loyal to the standards of our home, our school, our country and our civilization.

At home, our parents first set a standard for us to live up to. Whether or not we attain that standard is left for us to judge. However, in keeping troth with our parents, we naturally keep troth with the ideals they set for us. School presents us with a new group of standards, and the image of the perfect school-girl is held up before us. There we begin to realize for the first time the full extent of the ideal we are to do our utmost to live up to for the rest of our lives—the ideal that is outlined so succinctly and so completely in the Christian faith. With our schooling behind us, our country shows us the ideals of governments, of nations, and of the world. The actions of a democratic government are made at the will of its people; thus the ideals of a country are those of its inhabitants. If one country holds its standards high, the standards of other countries are likely to be high. Thus the ideals we hold as individuals contribute, each in a small way, to a greater whole, to the ideals of our entire civilization.

All we have ever done or seen or heard is a part of us. All the warnings, injunctions, advice, standards, half-heard at the time and since then half forgotten, return to us at the opportune moment. Perhaps we remember an incident, a friend, a school happening, which by the strength of its example serves to pull us onto the right road again. Thus, memory itself, if we will listen to what our minds tell us, is a key factor in our struggle to keep troth.

If all these ideals we have ever heard of are a part of us, then we are keeping troth not only with them, but with ourselves. Queen Elizabeth will be keeping troth with centuries of ancient tradition and custom when she is crowned in Westminster Abbey this June. With her motto, "I serve," our Queen is also remaining faithful to the many peoples in the lands over which she reigns. We must, with the help of God, keep troth with our better selves.

IN MEMORIAM

"Queen Mary is dead." These few startling words sever with a single blow the final link with an era, a dynasty that was begun by another Queen, Victoria. Throughout four reigns and two World Wars, Queen Mary stood, a pillar of dignity and majesty, an inspiration to her people. For in times of tribulation and in times of peace and prosperity, Queen Mary was always a shining example, an island of steadfastness and constancy. The words of a great statesman are, "How many of you can remember a time without Queen Mary?"

As long as we, the present members of the Commonwealth remain alive, the great Queen Mother will live in our memories.

We would like to express our deepest thanks to Miss Morris, Miss MacLennan, Miss Hughes and Miss Dunwoody for their untiring aid and advice in the publication of this magazine. We also thank the energetic typists who worked their fingers to the bones keeping the stories and reports typed up to the minute.

Our thanks go to the advertisers without whose generous support, publication would not have been possible. Thank you all for your co-operation and help.



Miss Gillard's Letter

King's Hall,
May 18th, 1953

My Dear Girls:

The pageantry, pomp and tradition of the Coronation are almost overwhelming in their magnificence, yet the truths and standards put before the world by the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth are basically simple and universal—a dedication to a life of service; a solemn vow taken by a young woman before the representatives of her people from all parts of the world. The promise which this young queen will make will not be an easy one. No one who listened to Her Majesty's Christmas message, in which she asked all her subjects of every creed to pray that she might be given wisdom and strength to keep the solemn promises which she would make in the Coronation Service, can doubt her sincerity. To her these promises are no mere matter of pageantry.

It is fitting at this time that all her loyal subjects should search their hearts and consider what things are intrinsically important in their lives and in their world. A family, a community, a country, a commonwealth, is made up of individuals. Unless the unit is strong there is no strength in the larger group.

What do we, as a group, stand for? Do we put first things first? Are we wise enough to distinguish between the basically important and the unimportant? Have we, as a group, a keen enough sense of personal responsibility to realise that it is up to us to set an example of personal integrity, generosity, kindness, tolerance, good manners, good speech, good taste in literature, music, art, etc? Or do we patronize and encourage the tawdry and the cheap, because we cannot be bothered to try to set a standard—to raise the general level? If we are guilty of the latter, then it is a denial of all the qualities, talents and opportunities that we have been given by God, and that have been developed in our formative years. We have had the training and we have the free will to make the most of our lives. Our country has been built out of the dreams of men and women who have lived lives of service. Wherever you may be and whatever you may be doing, never must you allow your vision—your spirit of idealism—to be lost, for, “where there is no vision the people perish.” The qualities demonstrated by the young queen point the way for us all.

So I shall close by quoting from the Canadian School Prayer. “We pray that we may learn the deep things of the mind and spirit that so we may live peaceably and happily in our own land, and help those who are not so richly blessed as we. And we pray that we may all serve our God, our Queen and our Country to the best of our ability.” Amen.

Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD

Head Girls



DOROTHY JOHNSTONE—"Dottie"
Montreal, P.Q.

Head of Macdonald
1949-53

"Live and learn, if you have time for both"

Ambition:—To be able to knit and read at the same time.

Favourite Pastime:—Looking after Clicquot.

Favourite Expression:—It's not that—it's the principle of the thing.

Activities:—Basketball, House 1951-53; Volleyball, House 1951-53; Soccer, School 1953; Ski Test C; Current Events 1950-53; Music Club, 1951-53; Debating 1951-52; Library Committee 1952-53; Dramatics 1953; Choir 1952-53; Ballet 1953; Form Captain 1950-51-52.

NONA HOPPER—"Non"
Duparquet, P.Q.

Head of Montcalm
1949-53

"Temper your enthusiasm with a modicum of reserve."

Ambition:—To be an actress.

Probable Destination:—Stage Hand.

Favourite Expression:—"Hello Beautiful."

Activities:—Soccer, School 1949-53; Basketball, House 1949-53; Volleyball 1950-53; Ballet 1949-53; Dramatics 1949-50; Current Events 1950-53; Music Club 1950-53; Library Committee 1949-53.

PENNY PASMORE
Montreal, P.Q.

Head of Rideau
1950-53

"The blush is beautiful, but most inconvenient."

Ambition:—Broadway.

Probable Destination:—Hollywood.

Pet Aversion:—Egg-nogs "to strengthen her."

Activities:—Soccer, House 1951-52; Basketball, Form 1951-52; Volleyball, House 1952-53; Ballet 1951-52; Current Events 1950-53; Music Club 1951-53; Library Committee 1951-53; Head of Library 1952-53; Dramatics 1951-52; Choir 1951-53.

HEAD GIRLS' REPORT

Again this year three girls shared the position of Head Girl. Each one of us felt that in our respective terms of office, we had the complete co-operation and support of the school. It has been an enjoyable experience and a privilege for us to have been your Head Girls.

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE

NONA HOPPER

PENNY PASMORE

Prefects

FIONA BOGERT—"Fi" Prefect on Macdonald
Magog, P.Q. 1950-53

"Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind!"

Ambition:—To weigh over one hundred pounds.

Favourite Pastime:—"To muse and brood and live again in memory."

Pet Aversion:—The rising bell.

Activities:—Soccer, House 1952-53; Basketball, School 1951-53; Volleyball, House 1952-53; Ski Test C; Current Events 1952-53; Music Club 1952-53; Choir 1952-53; Dramatics 1952; Ballet 1952-53; Form Sports Captain 1950-51.

JOAN PARSONS Prefect on Montcalm
St. Johns, Newfoundland. 1948-53

"I'll rant and I'll roar like a true Newfoundlander."

Ambition:—To learn how to cook.

Probable Destination:—Eating out of cans.

Pet Aversion:—Mice.

Activities:—Volleyball, House 1949-53; Ballet 1951-52; Library Committee 1951-53; Current Events 1951-53; Music Club 1951-53; Debating 1950-51; Form Captain 1949.

VALERIE GILL—"Val" Prefect on Rideau
Hillsdale, New Jersey, U.S.A. Macdonald 1949-53

"All great men are dying, and I'm not feeling well."

Favourite Pastime:—Planning parties.

Pet Aversion:—Eating milk and crackers every two hours.

Favourite Expression:—"I feel sick!"

Activities:—Soccer, School 1949-53; Volleyball, House 1949-53; Basketball, School 1951-53; Ballet 1949-51; Ski Test C; Current Events 1951-53; Music Club 1950-53; Library Committee 1950-53; Choir 1952-53; Dramatics 1949-50.

MARY ANN McNAB Macdonald
Grand Mère, P.Q. 1950-53

Sports Captain

"Nose, nose, nose, nose, who gave thee that jolly red nose?"

Ambition:—Queen's.

Probable Destination:—Kingston Penitentiary.

Pet Aversion:—B.B.'s apple pie beds.

Activities:—Basketball, School 1950-53; Soccer, School 1950-53; Volleyball, House 1951-53; Ski Test B; Ballet 1950-53; Current Events 1950-53; Music Club 1951-53.

ALISON MACKENZIE Macdonald
(Ottawa) Como, P.Q. 1950-53

Residence Captain

"Life without music would be miserable."

Favourite Expression:—"Great minds think alike and fools seldom differ."

Pet Aversion:—Short men!

Prototype:—The Panacea.

Activities:—Soccer, School 1952-53; Basketball, School 1953; Volleyball, House 1952-53; Ski Test A; Ski Team 1953; Current Events 1951-53; Music Club 1951-53; Choir 1952-53; Dramatics 1950-51; Debating 1952; Form Sports Captain 1951-52.

JOAN SHEARD Macdonald
Coaticook, P.Q. 1944-53

Residence Captain

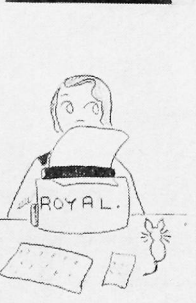
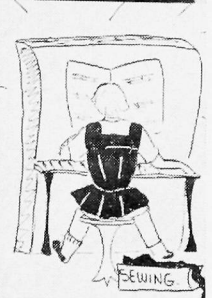
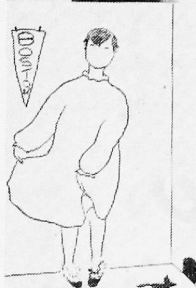
"I can be as good as I please, if I please to be good."

Pet Aversion:—Roommates, past, present, or future, who don't like white mice.

Favourite Expression:—"Shockin' bad taste."

Prototype:—A cherub.

Activities:—Soccer, House 1951-53; Volleyball, House 1951-53; Ballet 1949-51; Choir 1951-53; Music Club 1951-53; Current Events 1950-53.



Form Captains

GEORGIE HEDDEN—"George"
Kingston, Jamaica.

Montcalm
1947-53

"I sit here, here let me sit,
Dreaming, dreaming pleasantly."

Ambition:—Business Mogul's right hand.

Pet Aversion:—People who don't realize the magnificence of Jamaica.

Probable Destination:—Left handed scrub woman for Shell Inc., B.W.I.

Activities:—Basketball, House 1950-53; Volleyball, House 1951-53; Soccer, House 1950-53; Ski Test C; Current Events 1950-53; Music Club 1951-53; Library Committee 1950-53; Debating 1951-52; Dramatics 1948-52; Form Captain 1949, '50, '52, '53.

ANNE GORDON—"Gordie"
Toronto, Ontario.

Montcalm
1948-53

"I have made this letter longer than usual only because
I had not the time to make it shorter."

Favourite Pastime:—Betting on teams.

Pet Aversion:—Washing dishes.

Favourite Expression:—I will NOT!

Activities:—Soccer, School 1950-51; Volleyball 1952-53; Current Events 1950-53; Music Club 1951-53; Library Committee 1950-53; Science Form Captain 1953.

Matrices

HEATHER ANDERSON
Montreal, P.Q.

Montcalm
1948-53

"She keeps her blue eyes blue to any weather."

Ambition:—Nurse.

Pet Aversion:—Rice pudding.

Favourite Pastime:—Twirling her hair.

Activities:—Volleyball, House 1951-53; Current Events 1950-53, Music Club 1951-53; Library Committee 1949-53; Ballet 1951-53.

NANCY BEATTIE—"B-B"
Fort Chambly, P.Q.

Montcalm
1950-53

"Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman."

Ambition:—Nurse.

Probable Destination:—Patient in mental ward.

Pet Aversion:—People who say "How's the weather up there?"

Activities:—Soccer, School 1950-51; Volleyball, House 1951-53; Basketball, House 1953; Ballet 1950-53; Music Club 1951-53; Current Events 1951-53; Dramatics 1951-52.

SUSANNE CHESTER—"Susie"
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Rideau
1950-53

"The land of the west is the land of the heart."

Ambition:—To travel the world from North to South and East to West.

Pet Aversion:—Numerous notes jotted on minute pieces of paper.

Favourite Pastime:—Writing in her diary.

Activities:—Soccer, School 1951-52; Basketball, School 1951-53; Volleyball, House 1951-52; Ski Test C; Current Events 1951-53; Music Club 1951-53; Library Committee 1952-53; Dramatics 1951-53; Debating 1951-52; Public Speaking 1953.

MARY ANN CODE—"M.A."
Perth, Ontario.

Rideau
1952-53

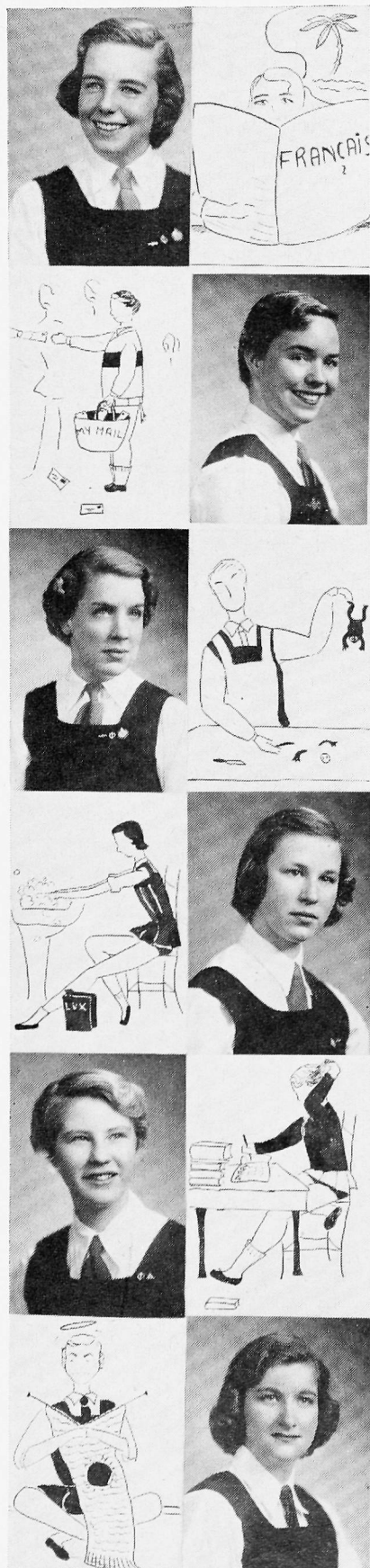
"And in each cheek, a pretty dimple."

Ambition:—To write

Probable Destination:—To wrong.

Favourite Expression:—"Remind me to take a bath to-morrow morning."

Activities:—Basketball, House 1953; Volleyball, Form 1953; Soccer, House 1953; Current Events 1953; Music Club 1953, Choir 1953; Ballet 1953.



CAROL EATON—"Ca"
Montreal, P.Q.

Montcalm
1951-53

"She with her wayward pencil drew, on margin of her book."

Ambition:—Doctor.

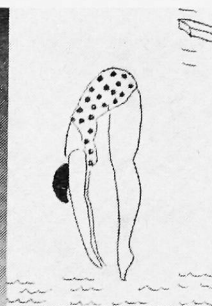
Probable Destination:—Doctor's wife.

Pet Aversion:—Tomatoes.

Activities:—Soccer, School 1951-53; Basketball, School 1951-53;

Volleyball, House 1951-53; Ski Test C; Music Club 1951-53;

Current Events 1951-53.



VALERIE GARLAND—"Leafy"
Montreal, P.Q.

Macdonald
1947-53

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."

Ambition:—To win the Canadian water skiing championship.

Probable Destination:—Running the boat for the champion water skiers at the C.N.E.

Favourite Expression:—"TILT!"

Activities:—Soccer, House 1950-53; Volleyball, House 1950-53;

Basketball, House 1953; Ski Test C; Current Events 1950-53;

Music Club 1951-53.



LINDA GORDON—"Lindy"
Montreal, P.Q.

Montcalm
1945-53

"Red hair is a Cardinal virtue"

Favourite Pastime:—Day-dreaming of the summer.

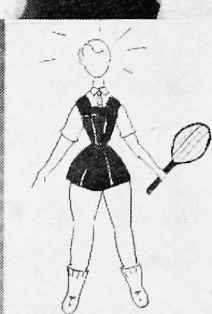
Pet Aversion:—Sardines and pineapple.

Favourite Expression:—"Who's got some food?"

Activities:—Soccer, House 1950-53; Basketball, House 1951-52;

Volleyball, House 1950-53; Current Events 1950-53; Music

Club 1951-53; Dramatics 1947-52.



SHEILA GRAY—"She"
Magog, P.Q.

Rideau
1948-53

"Know then, that I consider brown
For ladies' eyes, the only colour."

Ambition:—First Secretary in the bank.

Pet Aversion:—Transfers.

Favourite Pastime:—Listening to Mario Lanza.

Activities:—Soccer, House 1952-53; Volleyball, House 1952-53;

Basketball, House 1953; Current Events 1952-53; Music Club

1952-53; Ballet 1952.



MARYAN KING
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Rideau
1950-53

"She is not difficult to please."

Ambition:—Interior Decorator.

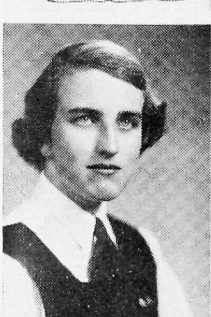
Probable Destination:—Painting the floor.

Favourite Pastime:—Drawing.

Activities:—Soccer, House 1952; Volleyball, House 1951-53;

Music Club 1951-53; Current Events 1950-53; Choir 1951-53;

Library Committee 1950-53; Dramatics 1952; Ballet 1952-53.



MARY FRANCES MATTHEWMAN—"M.F."
Hull, P.Q.

Montcalm
1950-53

"I like work; it fascinates me.
I can sit and look at it for hours."

Ambition:—Commercial artist.

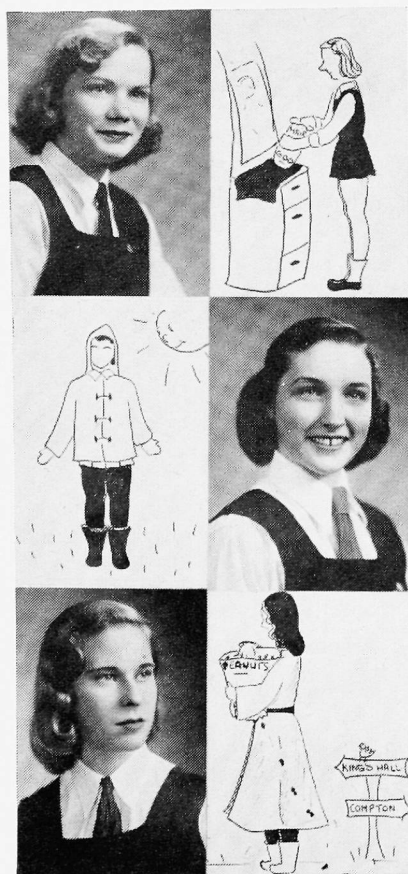
Probable Destination:—Pounding a typewriter for the C.B.C.

Favourite Pastime:—Do . . . ing ex . . . er . . . ci . . . ses.

Activities:—Current Events 1950-53; Music Club 1950-53; Dra-

matics 1950-51; Unable to take sports.





SHIRLEY OULTON
Montreal, P.Q.

Rideau
1949-53

Slowly but Shirley

Ambition:—Dietitian.
Probable Destination:—Mathematician.
Favourite Pastime:—Sleeping.
Activities:—Soccer, House 1952; Volleyball, House 1953; Basketball, House 1953; Music Club 1950-53; Current Events 1951-53; Choir 1950-53; Ballet 1951-53.

PAULINE REED—"Paul"
Quebec City, P.Q.

Montcalm
1951-53

"In School, quiet and demure,
Outside, well don't be too sure."

Ambition:—To get her B.A.
Probable Destination:—Teaching the A's and B's.
Pet Aversion:—She who eats raw onions.
Activities:—Volleyball, House 1952-53; Ballet 1952; Dramatics 1952; Debating 1952; Current Events 1952-53; Music Club 1952-53; Library Committee 1952-53; Choir 1952-53.

HELGA VON EICKEN
Montreal, P.Q.

Rideau
1952-53

"I felt fine this morning until I woke up."

Ambition:—To act.
Probable Destination:—To react violently.
Pet Aversion:—Saturday night phone calls.
Activities:—Soccer, House 1952; Volleyball, House 1952-53; Basketball, House 1953; Music Club 1952-53; Current Events 1952-53; Choir 1952-53; Ballet 1953; Public Speaking 1953.

Matric Form Report

In the year 2000, there will, no doubt, be published a complete "Who's Who" of the renowned names of the 20th century. But among these celebrities, will there be listed any of the twenty-four graduates of K.H.C., class of '53? That is for Time alone to decide. Although one does not mean to rush that most wise sage with his scythe, we should like to give you a preview of those twenty-four accounts as they might be written in that "Who's Who" of the future.

Heather Anderson gave as her donation to the world her highly scientific Anderson's Law . . . L M N x the size of one's foot equals one's mental capacity. Though the mathematical intricacies of this priceless equation are known only to the greatest minds, the general theory appears to be that the bigger one's foot is, the more intelligent one's brain.

Nancy Beattie influenced the fashion trends immensely during the latter half of the twentieth century, by proclaiming far and wide that women on the whole were too short for her standards. Her famous slogan is on the lips of thousands, "With high-heeled shoes, add to your height; when you hit six feet you'll be all right."

Fiona Bogert joined the select group of "lost royalty" when she asserted that, by intensive work on her family tree, she had proved that she was directly descended from the last king of a small island somewhere north of the Hebrides. The most eminent historians and geographers, assisted by Miss Bogert, are still trying to find the island, but in the meantime, the past, present, or future queen is residing in her beloved 'country,' Scotland.

Susie Chester, catastrophically afflicted in the mind while still at a tender age, has nonetheless proved to be of great value to mankind. Taking Miss Chester as an excellent example of the deterioration of humanity, the great scientists of this age, having studied her actions closely, can now take steps to prevent such a calamity happening to anyone else.

Mary Ann Code is the leader of that group of radical modern poets who are writing poetry "sans rhyme, sans verse, sans metre, sans everything." Miss Code's latest work, however, entitled "Memoirs of Room 32," puzzles the reader as much by its context as by its form.

Carol Eaton, renowned song-writer, has firmly established herself and her piano in a fashionable garret in Mont Parnasse, Paris, from where she published her most famous song . . . a slow, sweet lament, simply entitled "Montreal."

Leafy Garland's name is indelibly written in the watery annals of that great sport, water skiing. Not content with skiing on her bare feet only, Miss Garland became the talk of the aqua-enthusiasts by being the first to perfect the art of skiing on her hands.

Valerie Gill became "Miss America, 1959," the first in that long line of queens to wear a poodle cut. Miss Gill stood head and shoulders above the rest of the contestants with her very cultured English accent, so different from the usual speech of natives from New Jersey.

Anne Gordon, well known socialite, is justly famous for her after-dinner anecdotes. All who have dined with her declare that they never realized "titanic Toronto" had so many assets.

Linda Gordon is renowned for the brand new colour, Cardinale—*not* a pink, nor an orange, nor a red, yet a combination of all three—which she patented to take the fashion world by storm. The question that is troubling everyone is where Miss Gordon got the inspiration for the startling new colour.

Sheila Gray, one of the first ladies in the business world, a few years ago revived that ancient but pleasant custom of wearing bangs. Thanks to Miss Gray's influence, bangs are now enjoying a popularity, unequalled since 1953, when fringes were considered enormously chic.

Georgie Hebden is, as rumour has it, the real power behind the government of that obscure island in the West Indies in which she dwells. Private secretary to the Rt. Hon. Mr. Prime Minister, Miss

Hebden is believed to have been behind the latest bill put through by the government, declaring that the non pareil game of badminton is henceforth to be the island's national sport.

Nona Hopper's name blazed out from Broadway many times during her long, spectacular career. Miss Hopper first shot to fame in the play "Life in the Canadian Backwoods," and later achieved immortality with her revue "Famous People I Have Known."

Dottie Johnstone became head of the world organization of the S.P.C.A. a few years ago. All feel that Miss Johnstone certainly deserves this honour, after running her home for pets—lost, stolen, or strayed, for nigh on forty years. At the end of this time it was revealed that she had collected, besides such ordinary pets as dogs, cats, salamanders, snakes and anteaters, thirteen bull frogs and nine Compton old girls.

Maryan King, a true Bluenose, and an interior decorator of superlative good taste, nevertheless nearly lost her trade when she shocked the staid people of Halifax by painting her house a colour which fascinates her, firebox red.

Alison Mackenzie won the Olympic Ski Championship, not so much on her skiing prowess, the critics feel, as on her most unusual skis. The judges were so dazzled by the intricate carving decorations her skis sported, that they unanimously awarded her first place.

Mary Frances Matthewman, for many years one of the most conservative artists of our time, recently broke away from all established rules, and after a year of feverish work, produced her first and now famous abstract, "Hectic Life." This conglomeration of colours hangs in the National Gallery in Ottawa, and thus far is the only picture in the world for which viewers are compelled to wear sunglasses.

Mary Ann McNab, thanks to her good Scottish name, was for many years the ladies' champion of that good Scottish game, golf. Though the severest critics complained that when she swung her golf club, she looked as though she were winding herself up to play basketball, yet Miss McNab still always managed to win.

Shirley Oulton, famed mathematician and astronomer, was responsible for the discovery and charting of a tenth planet which circumscribes the sun out in the very fringes of our Solar System. For reasons known only to herself, Miss Oulton named her starry protégé "Lentissima . . ."

Joan Parsons figured spectacularly in the most puzzling mystery, as yet unsolved, of this age. In June 1953 she disappeared into the dark unknown confines of Newfoundland, and has not been seen since. Even the R.C.M.P. are baffled, but admit that Miss Parsons may be living happily in some hitherto unexplored portion of the rugged Newfoundlandic terrain.

Penny Pasmore, biologist, drastically changed eating habits with her "Pasmore's Pills," which contain all that one square meal would, compressed into a tiny capsule. These pills are a great boon to any who by nature dislike eating; to vary the monotonous routine, they come in assorted flavours of chocolate, peppermint, or if one is on a diet, fruit.

Pauline Reed, talented pianist for the London Philharmonic Orchestra every year at a certain time mysteriously hops aboard a Trans-Atlantic flight to Montreal, from where she vanishes into the

Eastern Townships, ostensibly to give a Sunday night concert at a certain school for young ladies in the depths of picturesque French Canada.

Joan Sheard is the author of that praiseworthy poem, beginning with the immortal line . . . "Meek, mild, mystic, mighty mouse". Not only is Miss Sheard's poem a thing of beauty, but also a source of practical, experienced advice for distraught pet-owners whose mice have chanced to escape.

Helga von Eicken, stage and screen star of no mean ability, lately achieved her life-long ambition to write, direct, and act a play. This one-woman production, called "Wish I Weren't Here" is still running and, at last report, so is Miss von Eicken.

The two dozen illustrious personalities above all had one thing in common—graduation from King's Hall, Compton in 1953. Throughout their diverse careers, this was a most influential factor for every-one of them in her particular walk of life.

VI A FORM REPORT

" . . . Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is station VI A, 1-9-5-3 on your radio dial, bringing you the final contest in the "King's Hall" baseball series between the "Montrealers" and the "Out-of-Towners." It is going to be an exciting battle. The umpire throughout this series is the very capable Miss Macdonald, who has spent endless hours coaching various members of the teams.

"And now, I shall give you a pre-game line-up of the teams. First, the "Out-of-Towners":

"The team captain and pitcher is that travelled diplomat, Judy Taylor. As catcher, the team is fortunate to have the famous Ann McNally, who can catch as well as talk. First baseman Jill Donald's main job is weakening the opposition with her witty remarks. Everyone will recognize second baseman Barbara Gibaut by her characteristic swing. Barbara feels more at home on a golf course than a baseball diamond. Third base is occupied by Mary Alston, one of the team's true herring chokers. Short-stop Barbara Hyman is never without her pocket-size gramophone. Diana Williams, formerly of the "New York Yankees," excels as second short-stop. The fielders include Connie Roper, the "Miss America" of Compton; Meredith Chaplin, who must have her "apple a day"; and Felicia Carter, "The Lady of the Lakeshore." The cheering section consists of Rosie Harris, an able forecaster of scores and fortunes; Tannie Lake, the representative of Canada's newest province, and Janet Smith, a growing version of Einstein. Bat girls are Olivia Rorke,

who would knit bed-jackets for the bats if she had time; and Sharon Chalmers, the promising politician. Heather Mackenzie, "The Toast of New Orleans" is hurriedly filling the water buckets for her team."

"And now, the 'Montrealers'!"

"The first batter is captain and pitcher, Sheila Douglas Lane, our future Doris Day. Janet McNab is right behind her, but much to the team's amazement, she has left her winter woolies at home. From first base come the familiar strains of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," sung by Mary Bogert. Second base seems vacant, but if you look closely, you will see Judy Ogilvie bent over, intent upon drawing in the dust. Helen Leduc, third baseman for the "Montrealers" is wildly signalling for the water bucket; she must be thirsty. The position of first short-stop is well-managed by Jocie Gordon, but then she has two brothers to coach her. The ball has just hit Heather Woods on the head for the third time. She is day-dreaming again! In left field, Betty McGillis is playing imaginary scales on an imaginary keyboard. The All-American athlete of 1963, Shirley-Anne Downes, is playing right fielder assisted by centre fielder, Marj McMaster, who is built for the part. The team supporters include Patsy Creery, the prospect for the 1956 Olympic skiing; Anne Howard, the girl who always waits until the last minute for everything; and Margie Stewart, the team's chauffeur. Water girl, Claire Davidson, has just staggered past dragging the heavy buckets, and muttering about water being

piped to the bases. Bat girl, Bevo Penhale, is the best thing that ever came in a small package, and she completes the "Montrealers."

The big game is starting; may the best team win!

MARY HOLT
JUDY OGILVIE

VI B's OF COMPTON

(with apologies to Robert Browning)

I

VI B's a form in K.H.C.,
By a tiny village, Compton,
The Sherbrooke highway, long and wide,
Runs by its grounds on the southern side,
A pleasanter spot you never spied.
But when begins my ditty
Of nineteen three and fifty
To see the mistresses suffer so
From those girls was a pity.

II

They break the windows, slam the doors,
Ruin desks and blacken floors;
Along the halls, when classes are out
They scream and yell, run and shout.
They even spoil the mistresses' chats,
By drowning their speaking,
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last, all mistresses no less,
To the staffroom, came flocking
'Tis clear, cried they, VI B's a mess;
As for their co-operation, shocking!
Something really must be done
To rid them of a little fun,
Through all the day they like to tease,
What can we do with such as these?

IV

They sat in council all the day,
Until one spoke and broke the silence:
"I've an idea, how about a play?
That will cure them of their violence.
All the day I've racked my brain
And now my poor head aches in pain
I've scratched it so, but not in vain!

V

They practised the play with vigour and zest.
No longer were they called a pest
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than harp or psaltery at their best)
Called out: "Oh happy day! Oh staff rejoice!"

VI

You should have heard the Compton people,
Ringing the bells, 'till they rocked the steeple
"We want Miss Robertson," cried VI B
"We want to thank her! Oh where could she be?"
For management of us and our play
Has kept her so busy from day to day.

VII

Our grateful thanks to Jo and Judy
For helping the staff and doing their duty;
Many thanks also to Kelly and Ton
For helping out in the sporting zone.
To these and Miss Robertson, let us give three
cheers
For leading us through one of our happiest years.
JILL WOODS
DEIRDRE ALLAN

V A FORM REPORT

This is the story of a year in V A;
Of twenty-nine girls at their work and their play;
Of sports, classes, parties, plays, choir, and fun;
With days of discouragement, and of success won.

VA's have been happy, VA's have been sad,
VA's have been sorry, VA's have been bad,
But VA's have been constant friends, never "blue,"
Most people agreed, and soon, so should you!

We've hiked and we've climbed Windy Hill many
days.
And we've had so much fun in such wonderful
ways!
We've skated and skied, and we've had midnight
snacks,
And we did have a picnic with packs on our backs!

Of course I must mention our Form-Captains three,
Who all served their turns most faithfully.
Thanks to Debbie and Barbara and Eve we all say,
For being so helpful in so many ways.

Our Sports-Captain's title was held by three more.
And we always were happy to practice games, for
Deb, Barbie, and Steph made our work into fun,
And still somehow taught us to catch, kick, and run!

When we sang in the choir—oh that was the day!
 We were never so proud, nor so nervous, I'd say.
 We mixed up our gowns, dropped a hymn-book or
 two,
 But we each sang our best, and got victory too!

A Valentine Party was a pleasure too!
 And a gay coloured box held more than a few
 Bright cheerful red cards which we gave out with
 fun
 And we all felt the spirit of a good thing done.

Thanks go to our teacher, Miss Hughes, always
 kind;
 She's been most understanding to her twenty-nine!
 And she's certainly helped make our year a success,
 Though at times it was hard, as we all can confess!

There has been so much that we couldn't forget,
 Although older and wiser we hope we will get,
 And although we may wander, and leave much
 behind,
 We are sure that these memories will not leave our
 mind!

SUSAN KILGOUR, V A

V B FORM REPORT

This year V B consisted of sixteen girls, eight
 new and eight old girls, four of the new girls,
 Ann Henderson, Susan Huyche, Elizabeth Echols,
 and Janet Smith lived at the Junior Cottage.

Our Form has been very sports-minded. We had
 a basketball team consisting of Lucy Doucet,
 Frances Harley, and Janet Smith as forwards, with
 Ann Iddon, Heather Morris and Bambi Reeves as
 guards. Our most enjoyable game was against the
 Prefects, who won. We have also taken an interest
 in tennis, badminton, ping-pong, skating, and ski-
 ing. We have learned some Scottish dances under
 the capable direction of Miss Gibb, who has been
 kind enough to instruct us.

Our Form Captain the first term was Lyse Quenne-
 ville and the second term Susan Vickers. Both did
 an excellent job. The Sports Captains, Ann Iddon,
 Marjorie Jamieson, and Frances Harley did much
 to keep our interest high in all sports.

During the Christmas term V B, with the help
 of Miss Broadbent, produced an Operetta "Yuletide
 at the Court of King Arthur." Leading characters

were Janet Smith, Heather Morris, Ann Iddon, and
 Bambi Reeves. However, Barbara Rooney, Brenda
 Cuthbertson, Martha Fellows, and Judy Perron
 in the lesser roles did much to make the play a
 success.

The year has been a happy one, thanks largely
 to the help of our form mistress, Miss Ramsay, and
 our matron, Madame Lamprecht.

LYSE QUENNEVILLE, V B

IV A FORM REPORT

This year there were ten pupils in our class. Jane
 Mitchell is always talking about Spice and Pardon,
 her two horses. Beverley Rooney and Joanne
 Millar do everything together. Wendy and Robin
 Smith are sisters and are our stars in "Between
 Double Fire." Celia Harveson is the youngest
 in the class but is always coming out with the
 longest words, but we don't mind that as she is a
 very nice girl. Elise Menasché is our "brain;" she
 always comes first. Debby Powell, who is now our
 Form Captain, usually comes second. Cinny Bailey,
 who was absent for a while with pneumonia, is back
 and is as cheerful as ever. As for myself, I must
 admit I am the worst chatterbox in the class.

Mrs. Elliott, our Form Mistress, has made this
 year a very happy and successful one and we hope
 next year will be as successful.

PATRICIA ELVIDGE, IV A

IV B FORM REPORT

Our Form is a small one for there are only four of
 us. However, sometimes the III A's come in for a
 few classes.

Jareth Taylor is the eldest. She is twelve and is a
 very good worker. Susan Southby is next in age and
 is eleven. She is keen on Art and Sewing and has
 many interesting tales to tell us about her summer
 cottage on an island. Elaine Audet and Maida Lowe
 are both ten. Elaine is the French speaking member
 of the form and is the most placid, while Maida is
 excitable and has a very vivid imagination. She
 makes up games for us to join in. Jareth, Susan and
 Elaine have been Form Captains for one term each,
 but all of us have shared the various duties. Our
 Form is giving a play for the school.

Our Form Mistress is Miss Gibb; we have been
 very lucky to have such a kind and understanding
 Form Mistress.

ELAINE AUDET, IV B

III A FORM REPORT

This year there were three pupils in our class. Merrill Rudel is the oldest and is very neat in her work.

Wendy Watson the second oldest, is forever losing things but is bright and noisy.

Virginia Echols is the youngest. She came from British Guiana and dislikes the Canadian weather.

She is a very good worker. After Easter Angela Tinkler and Jennifer Woods joined us.

We have had a happy year together in our little form room. You can tell us by our smocks. The form-room has many drawings on the walls which we have done throughout the year.

VIRGINIA ECHOLS, III A

House Reports

MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

You've had bad weeks and good weeks and medium weeks too,

You've worked hard and you've struggled to show what you could do.

In sports you played hard, and always did your best,

Whether winner or loser you never lost your zest. You've supported your House to the utmost end, And we hope in the future there's success 'round the bend.

So now for Macdonald we want to give three cheers, For a House that's been loyal and keen through the year!

We have had some good times together, Macdonald, on croc walks, in sports, and in the House meetings, and we have truly enjoyed being your Prefects. You have been a wonderful group to work with and Macdonald would not be Macdonald without each one of you!

Best of luck in the future, and thank you very much.

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE
FIONA BOGERT

MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

Another year has gone down in the history of Montcalm. For us it has been a very happy one. The House spirit has been outstanding, even overpowering at times. Even though we have been far

behind in the totals for the Work Shield, we have been a close competitor with Macdonald for the Sports Cup. Among the things that will remain vivid in our memories are the many croc walks when we were entertained by your individual talents. We hope that our successors enjoy working with you as much as we have done. Now we shall say good bye with "Three Cheers for Montcalm."

NONA HOPPER
JOAN PARSONS

RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

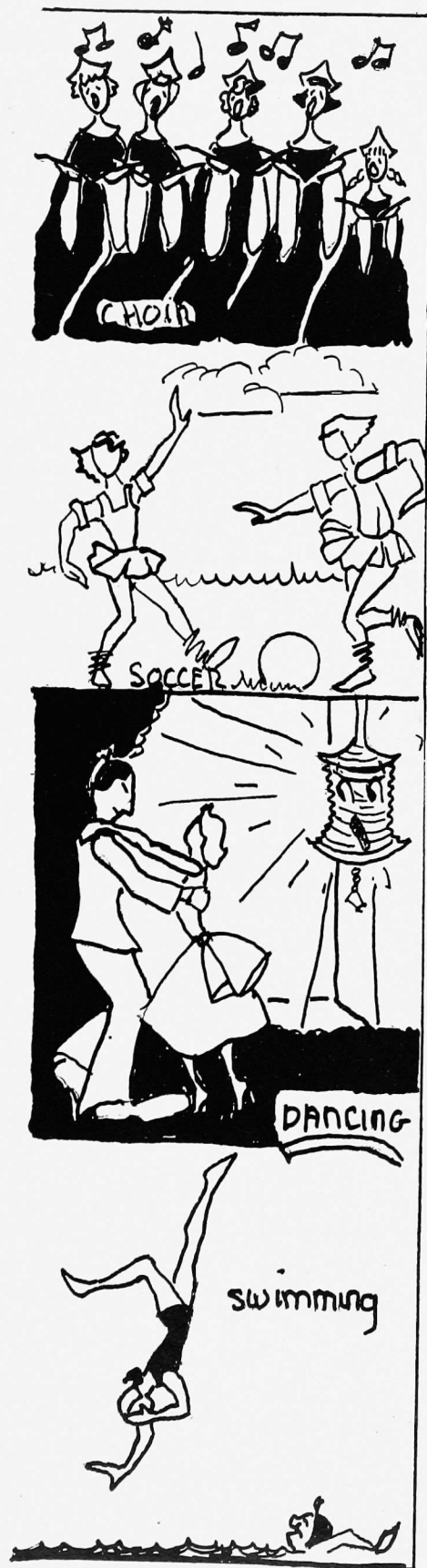
We want to congratulate all of you Rideauites on the wonderful House spirit which you have kept up all through the year. Because of this it has been a great pleasure to work with you. Although you were not all able to keep your ribbons during the whole of the June term, everyone had one or two at one time or another.

The sports were played with great enthusiasm and we did very well in the Swimming Meet. Those afternoons in the Gym were just as much fun, although several voices were usually lost by tea-time!

We both wish you all the best of luck in your coming years and we hope that your future Prefects will have as much joy in being your Prefects as we did. Keep up the good work. "Three cheers for Rideau."

PENNY PASMORE
VAL GILL

The School Calendar



- Sept. 11—School Opening.
 Sept. 20—Mr. Davis' Talk on India.
 Oct. 10—Dr. Colliers' Talk on Hospitals in India.
 Oct. 11-13—Thanksgiving Week-end.
 Oct. 13—Tea Dance at Bishop's.
 Oct. 15—Soccer—Compton at Stanstead.
 Oct. 18—Soccer—Stanstead at Compton.
 Oct. 18—Matric Entertainment.
 Oct. 24—Mrs. Maguire's Talk on The Katherine Gibbs Schools.
 Oct. 31—Hallowe'en Supper and Masquerade.
 Nov. 5—Soccer—Bishop's Prep School at Compton.
 Nov. 8—Piano Recital, Paul McIntyre.
 Nov. 9—Mrs. Carrington's Talk.
 Nov. 10—Mr. Ward's Movies.
 Nov. 12—Staff—Prefects Volleyball.
 Nov. 14—School Dance.
 Nov. 15—Volleyball—B.C.S. at Compton.
 Dec. 7—Miss Gillard's Birthday Party.
 Dec. 14—Christmas Party and V B Operetta "The Holy Grail."
 Dec. 17—School Closed.
 Jan. 13—School Re-opened.
 Jan. 23—Plays at U.B.C.
 Jan. 25—Mr. Allen's Talk on the Eskimos.
 Feb. 6—Speech Competition in Sherbrooke.
 Feb. 6—Leo and Dora's Puppet Show.
 Feb. 15—Ski Meet at Hillcrest.
 Feb. 22—Vocal and Piano Recital, Mr. William Turney and Mr. Moss.
 Feb. 28—VI B Play—"Tale of Two Cities."
 Mar. 10—Basketball—Compton at Stanstead.
 Mar. 21—Inter-House Swimming Meet.
 Mar. 21—Guild Tea.
 Mar. 25—School Closed.
 April 8—School Re-opened.
 April 10—Plays at U.B.C.
 April 11—Basketball—Stanstead at Compton.
 April 12—Piano Recital—William Stevens.
 April 17—Miss Horobin's Talk on Japan.
 April 18—Dramatic Festival in Sherbrooke.
 April 25—Visit to New Sherbrooke Hospital.
 April 26—Red Cross Party.
 May 2—Confirmation.
 May 10—VI A Plays—"Shall We Join the Ladies," and "To Each Generation."
 May 16-18—May 24th Week-end.
 June 7—Closing Church Service.
 June 8—Closing.

IN MEMORIAM

This year King's Hall mourns the death of one of its children, Susanne MacPherson, a member of the VI B Form. Although Susanne had been at King's Hall for only a year and a term, her gentle nature and her courage endeared her to both Staff and girls.

Susanne passed away on the night of February 21st, 1953, at her home in St. Johns, Newfoundland. A memorial service conducted by Mr. Roberts and attended by the whole school was held at St. James' Church, Compton, on February 24th.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Susanne's parents and to her sister and brothers, but we have faith that Susanne herself is happy "in the world of light."

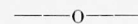
Last fall our new rector, Mr. Roberts, arrived in Canada from England, with his wife and baby daughter, Pauline. From the very beginning of the year Mr. Roberts has taken a sincere interest in King's Hall and he is a familiar figure around the school. During the soccer season he helped coach our teams, and I might add he is an expert in that sport. Those who were in the hospital will remember Mr. Roberts' visits while many of us have experienced the generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts at Saturday afternoon tea. Mr. Roberts has taught Scripture to classes in the school and has conducted church services twice every Sunday.

Those of us who are leaving want to thank Mr. Roberts for his help and patience and those who are coming back next year are very glad that he will still be here.



DR. COLLIER'S VISIT

On October 10th, Dr. Collier came to King's Hall to tell us about the hospitals in India. She brought with her many coloured slides of the hospitals and their staff. We were especially interested in the pictures of the young nurses, and of the smaller children in the hospitals. We enjoyed Dr. Collier's talk very much, and wish her the very best of luck in her future work in India.



MRS. CARRINGTON'S VISIT

On November 9th, Mrs. Carrington paid her annual visit to King's Hall. This year Mrs. Carrington told us about her trip to Europe last summer. We were especially interested to hear about the places she had visited and the people she had met. She delighted us with her amusing stories about her language and money difficulties. As usual Mrs. Carrington told us a little bit about Queen Elizabeth, a subject of great interest to most of us.

We hope that Mrs. Carrington will continue her visits to King's Hall, for both Staff and girls enjoy her talks immensely.

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, Matric.

TALK ON JAPAN

On April 17th, Miss Horobin, a missionary on furlough from Japan, was kind enough to give us an illustrated lecture on Japan and some aspects of the mission work being done there. The first set of slides showed famous scenes and buildings with a few glimpses of life in the big cities. We saw snowy mountains, magnificent lakes, exotic plants, and ancient temples. The second set of slides consisted chiefly of pictures of mission schools and churches, and a few groups of workers, both Canadian and Japanese. The pictures seemed like an invitation to go over and join the work of the church in Japan.

After the lecture Miss Horobin showed us a number of articles which she had brought from Japan—clothes, baskets, fans, and so forth.

We thank Miss Horobin for coming to see us, and we wish her all success as she resumes her work. This will be in the very near future.

SPEECH ON THE KATHARINE GIBBS' SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

In October Mrs. John Maguire gave a very interesting talk on the Katharine Gibbs' Secretarial School. Since Mrs. Maguire is one of the directors of the school she was able to tell us about some of the K.H.C. old girls who have been there, a subject of special interest to us.

Mrs. Maguire spoke of the different courses the school offers and the amazing opportunities which the Katharine Gibbs' students have. Mrs. Maguire also spoke of the qualities necessary for a good secretary. These qualities, she explained, cannot be acquired in a day!

We hope that Mrs. Maguire will visit us again to tell us some more about the Katharine Gibbs' Secretarial Schools.

TALK ON THE ARCTIC

On Sunday evening, January 25th, Philip Allen came to King's Hall to talk to us in the Prep Hall about the Eskimos. Mr. Allen told us many interesting anecdotes of his fifteen months in the Yukon. With furs and Eskimo tools to illustrate his lecture, he gave us an account of everyday life in an Igloo. We also enjoyed the coloured slides which he himself had taken. We welcomed Mr. Allen back most heartily and said good-bye to him, still picturing northern Canada at sunset and still trying to pronounce "ahrnerk."

MARY ANN CODE, Matric.

PUBLIC SPEAKING COMPETITION

Again this year we were invited to enter the public speaking contest sponsored by the McGill Alumnae Association. We were to send one girl to the semi-finals in Sherbrooke on February 6th. The preliminary competition was held here, open to both Matrics and VI A's. Almost everyone was very interested, several girls preparing excellent speeches.

Susanne Chester told us about, "The Hudson Bay Company," and Helga von Eicken about "The Effect of Colour on the Feelings." Di Williams spoke on "Contrasts in New York," Sheila Douglas-Lane on "The Fascination of Mythology," Janet Smith on "The Bad Result of Good Intentions," Mary Holt on "Interesting Word Origins," and Judy Taylor on "The Value of Time." We spent a most enjoyable evening listening to the speeches.

The judges, Miss Jenkins, Miss S. Macdonald, Miss Gibb, and Mr. Roberts, finally chose Mary Holt to represent us in Sherbrooke. Although Mary did not win the Sherbrooke competition she did very well indeed. We are all extremely proud of her.

OLIVIA RORKE, VI A

MR. WARD'S PICTURES

This year Mr. Ward again visited the school with beautiful coloured sets of moving pictures. One film was on flowers—I never imagined flowers could be so beautiful; one film was on 'Minnewaska,' and one on the south of France. The pictures of the places were perfectly lovely, while the flowers were in their most beautiful stage of bloom. The flower pictures were taken at such close range and were so clearly focused that one could see the proboscis of the insects curling in and out! This showed the patience and skill with which they were all photographed. We sincerely appreciate Mr. Ward's showing us the pictures and we all hope that he will come again next year.

PHILIPPA HARVERSON, VI B

BALLET

Again this year ballet classes were held each Saturday morning during the winter term in the Gym. Although not everyone was a natural aspiring ballerina, each person tried hard and enjoyed these classes to the utmost. There was a decided lack of posture slings during the winter term and this might be perhaps attributed to the ballet. We would all like to thank Mrs. Werleman for her kindness and patience throughout the classes.

LEO AND DORA

On Friday evening, February 6th, a host of tiny people invaded King's Hall to enchant us all with a complete show which was entirely their own. Based on Canadian folklore, a five act play and set of five provincial folksongs were presented by a troupe of merry puppets manipulated by "Leo and Dora." The play, entitled "The Gossiping Wife," was highly amusing and the talent displayed was incredible. The tale portrayed a farmer who stumbled upon a bag of gold one day but was in danger of losing it to the village agent for taxes because his wife talked too much to keep a secret. The farmer proceeded to prove his wife crazy, much to the amusement of the audience, so that nothing she said would be taken seriously. The play ended happily for all concerned except, of course, the village agent.

The folksongs were marvellously done. From the Maritime provinces, "The Farmer's First Wife" produced a hearty laugh, while at every opportunity we are still humming the Newfoundland ballad "Jack was Every Inch a Sailor." Quebec's own "Alouette" made most of the onlookers want to join in the chorus. From the Prairie provinces came a square dance done to the tune of "Skip to My Lou." A full set of four puppets "dosie do'd" and "bowed to their corners" in the rollicking dance. British Columbia provided the riddle song, "Savory, Sage, Rosemary, and Rhyme," an old-fashioned tune sung by two teasing lovers.

We were all extremely sorry when this remarkable entertainment was over, for it had been thoroughly enjoyed by young and old alike. Our thanks and best wishes go with "Leo and Dora" for their original and interesting presentation of Canadian folklore. We hope they will visit us very soon again. It is the charm of their own personalities which made their puppets so well loved and their trip to King's Hall an immense pleasure for all concerned.

MARY HOLT, VI A

MOVIES

The movies this year have been exceptionally good and have provided great enjoyment for the Staff and girls on Saturday nights. During the first term we were entertained by a series of movies starring Alec Guinness—"The Lavender Hill Mob," "The Man In The White Suit," and "The Promoter." In the second term "The Ivory Hunter" and "Outpost In Malaya" provided us with many thrills. In the last term an outstanding film was "Blanche Fury" in technicolour.

Besides the regular Saturday night movies we have had a number of French movies this year. Most of the films have been of France and we had an opportunity to see Mont St. Michel, Paris, Southern France and French industries. These films have in a sense combined a bit of work with play, for not only did they help train our ear and improve our vocabulary, but they also gave us an idea of the France of to-day in a very enjoyable fashion. I hope that these French movies will continue next year.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Keyzer for taking the time every weekend to run the projector.

—o—

WILLIAM STEVENS' RECITAL

William Stevens, a talented young pianist from Montreal, paid us a return visit this year and as was the case before, we have nothing but praise to offer him.

He opened his program with "The Little White Donkey" by Ibert and followed that favourite by a Rachmaninoff Prelude in C sharp minor. Perhaps however, the most outstanding number on the program was Mr. Stevens' excellent performance of the brilliant Sonata in B minor by Chopin. Other selections heard were Scriabin's Etude in D minor, the "Spinning Song" by Raff and lastly, two Debussy compositions "L'isle Joyeux" and the beautiful "Clair de Lune."

Mr. Stevens certainly found an enthusiastic audience at King's Hall and we sincerely hope that he will come back again next year with another superb performance.

JUDY TAYLOR, VI A

—o—

PAUL McINTYRE

In November, Paul McIntyre came to play for us and kept us enthralled for over an hour. His programme included a Bach, "Prelude and Fugue," variations by Mozart and one of his own compositions entitled "Sonatina."

His comments on the various numbers were greatly appreciated by the audience. In response to repeated encores he played a Chopin Waltz and a Dance by Bela Bartok. We were indeed sorry when the concert was over.

MUSIC CLUB

Throughout the past year the Matrics and VI A's have once again been fortunate in having Music Club with Miss Broadbent. Each Monday evening we gathered downstairs in the lounge where we learned something of the life of one special composer and then heard some of his compositions.

Among the selections heard during the year were "The Pirates of Penzance," by Gilbert and Sullivan; "The Planets," by Gustav Holzt; "The Second Piano Concerto," by Rachmaninoff, "The Firebird," by Stravinsky; and the well-known and very popular ballets, "Swan Lake," "Graduation Ball," and "Les Sylphides."

I should like to thank Miss Broadbent very much for sharing her musical knowledge with us and thus making our Monday evenings so pleasant.

JUDY TAYLOR, VI A

LIBRARY REPORT

The Library Committee has worked hard this year and has been successful in keeping the library well in order. Many new books were put in the library in September, for which we were very grateful.

Every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, those who wished came to take out books. Judging from the time some of the books were kept out, they must have been read from cover to cover several times with great enthusiasm!

Mary Bogert, who will be head of the committee next year, has been a great help and I know will manage the library well. Thank you, everyone, for your co-operation in our library.

PENNY PASMORE, Matric

VI B CURRENT EVENTS

This year we should like to thank Miss Gibb for all the time she has spent in securing information for our Current Events Club.

Our topics ranged from local to world wide events both social and political. Occasionally we would have panel discussions or debates; these have always proved very interesting and have taught us a great deal.

Again, on behalf of V A and VI B, I should like to thank Miss Gibb, and I hope that next year's group will find their Current Events as interesting as we did.

JUDY ST. GEORGE, VI B

LITERATURE CLUB

Miss MacLennan's suggestion that a literature club be held every week was met with immediate approval by all members of VI A. Consequently, we have met each Thursday evening in Miss Gillard's living room to read and discuss several stories and plays. Different girls have taken turns reading such selections as "Mary Rose," "The Garden Party," "The Pit and the Pendulum," and other short stories and one-act plays.

Our thanks go to Miss Gillard for so kindly inviting us to use her living-room, and to Miss MacLennan who organized and directed our meetings. We all sincerely hope that we may continue our club next year.

BEVO PENHALE, VI A

CURRENT EVENTS

This year the Matrics and VI A's met in the lounge every Friday evening with Miss Morris, to discuss important world events. Among the numerous topics mentioned were the happenings in East and West Germany, the American presidential elections, the European floods, and Stalin's death, with its implications.

We should all like to thank Miss Morris for bringing the events of the day to our attention, and for making our Friday evenings both informative and enjoyable.

PATSY CREERY, VI A

ART REPORT

Miss Dunwoody has made Art a thoroughly interesting and enjoyable subject this year. Aside from painting in tempera, oil, or water colour, many girls made wood or linoleum cuts, used charcoal or pastels, and found all these branches of Art very absorbing.

Once a week Special Art classes were held for those either exceptionally interested in Art, or taking their Matric in it. During the second term Madame Lamprecht taught sculpturing to any girls who wished to learn it. These classes, to which the pupils looked forward very eagerly, were extremely instructive. All the amateur sculptors want to thank Madame Lamprecht for her excellent help.

For the numerous school entertainments Miss Dunwoody was invaluable as a source of information. Her ideas about designing and painting scenery provided most effective and original results.

I know that each girl who took Art classes this year wants to thank Miss Dunwoody for helping her so much, and for taking such an interest in her work and progress.

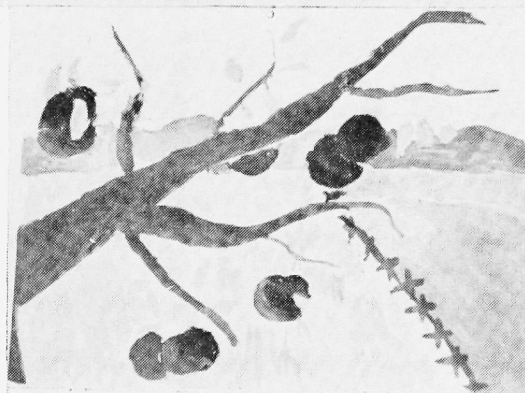
JUDY OGILVIE, VI A



Top left:—A. Howard
Second prize, charcoal



Top Middle:—J. Ogilvie
First prize, oil



Top right:—J. Ogilvie
First prize, charcoal

Lower:—S. Bogert
Second prize, poster paint

Compton submitted twelve pieces of work to the Sherbrooke Youth Festival, Fine Arts Section, and out of nineteen prizes, King's Hall won four. Judy Ogilvie won a first prize with both her charcoal drawing and oil painting; Anne Howard and Saundray Bogart won second prizes with their drawings in charcoal and poster paint respectively.

THE EDITOR



Sculpturing Class

Mexican Activities



HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

Again this year the Household Science classes have been busy and enthusiastic. Most of the forms in the school have two classes a week. An equal amount of time is spent on needlework and cooking, including both practical and theoretical work.

This year seven girls are taking the special Household Science course. This course consists of six classes a week. The special projects this year were cooking, sewing, weaving, and the study of textiles. One evening the senior girls cooked a dinner which they served to Miss Gillard. Another day we went on an interesting excursion to the George Sheard Co. Ltd., mill in Coaticook, where we saw the different stages in the manufacture of woollen material.

This is Miss Dumont's first year at King's Hall; with her we have followed a new and most interesting syllabus. Thank you, Miss Dumont, for your constant and untiring help throughout the year.

ANNE GORDON, Matric

THE TEA DANCE

With a final look in the mirror we boarded the buses and were off. Of course it was Thanksgiving Monday, time for the annual tea dance at Bishop's. As usual, we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. The excellent orchestra and delicious refreshments also increased the success of the dance! Let's give B.C.S. "three cheers" of thanks for a most delightful time.

PAULINE REED, Matric.

HALLOWE'EN

On October 30th, the sun rose and dawn slid over King's Hall as usual; as usual also, classes began at eight-thirty and ended at three, but as evening drew closer strange incidents began to occur. Delicious odours filled the halls, but when one tried to follow them to their origin one was abruptly stopped by the closed door of the dining-room. The privileged VA's rushed in and out of here with clock-like regularity, soon followed by Miss Dunwoody. An extremely large number of girls had become very interested in the Art Room, while scores could be seen laboriously painting cardboard and clothing. Suddenly, with the supper bell ringing, we all rushed to the dining room—did I say "dining room"? Excuse me, this was no ordinary dining room. Witches peered down from formidable heights while spiders and bats lay in wait for the unwary passer-by, who was surrounded by

tomb-stones, ghosts, and hideous figures that could have come from nowhere but the supernatural world. Miss Dunwoody and the V A's had done themselves credit. In spite of the weird onlookers surrounding us, our appetites were not damaged in the least. Enormous amounts of candy, nuts, cookies, cakes, and other delightful foods were quickly consumed.

Up to the gym we hurried shortly after supper, but where were our friends? A dog show was being held in one corner. Over there was a host of Howard Johnson Ice Cream cones, which, if we had not dined so well already, looked good enough to eat. Looking past the Howard Johnson troupe we noticed that the whole of Treasure Island had been transported to Compton. Long John Silver and Ben Gunn were almost too real for comfort. Robin Hood and his followers, with Maid Marion, were also present. When the Virginia Reel started one found oneself dancing now with Old Father Time, next with a beautiful Hawaiian girl or with Little Lulu, a box of Kleenex, or any number of other weird personalities.

Time flew so fast that before we knew it we were crawling into bed, quite exhausted by the mysterious and colourful events of what had begun as "an ordinary day."

SHARON CHALMERS, VI A

PETROUSHKA

At the annual Red Cross supper, the school was highly entertained by a performance of Petroushka, put on by the IV A's, assisted by Miss Broadbent and Miss Dunwoody. No, the IV A's neither sang nor acted nor played Petroushka, but the whole story came to life, acted by puppets! Petroushka, resplendent in an orange shirt, dashed vainly around the stage, pursued by the turbaned Moor. The villainous magician hovered in the background, while the blonde ballerina who was the cause of the struggle fled in terror. All this time the townspeople, ignorant of the commotion, had been celebrating their festival with dancing and merry-making. The village policeman, a man of very suspicious nature, investigated everything he could see and quite a few things he couldn't, but even so, he arrived too late to save our hero, Petroushka. We wish to congratulate the hands that designed, contrived and acted this most enjoyable puppet show.

MISS GILLARD'S BIRTHDAY

This year, Miss Gillard's Birthday, Thursday, December 4th—was celebrated the following Sunday, December seventh. The Matrics decorated the lounge with green boughs and placed a large sign reading "Happy Birthday" over the entrance. Miss Gillard was escorted to her place of honour to the strains of "Happy Birthday," played by Miss Macdonald. Thanks to Mrs. Aitken the hall table was beautifully adorned with festive red candles and greenery, and with delicious chicken salad and sweet things. The Matrics deserve praise for being such gracious and efficient assistant hostesses. I am sure that all of us—and I hope Miss Gillard too—enjoyed that pleasant Sunday evening, which ended with Christmas records. Again, Miss Gillard, may we wish you "Many Happy Returns" of December 4th.

JOCELYN GORDON, VI A

—o—

"THE FORMAL"

The Season: Early Winter
The Place : Paris at Night
The Hour : Midnight

This was the romance of the Christmas formal held again this year at King's Hall with Bishop's students as the guests. A truly Parisien atmosphere created with little fuss and great ingenuity by the VI A's, transformed the Gym, by means of cleverly painted scenery, into a realistic replica of the most famous views of Paris. These scenes were sketched with yellow chalk on a royal blue background and then pinned carefully against the windows of the Gym. The graceful columns in between them could certainly have been made from marble. Even the stylishly gowned young lady painted on one of the walls might have stepped into the scene of gaily dancing couples without having been noticed.

The French theme was carried through to the saucily striped awning over the dining room door, and the quiet candles of a French café flickering in their wine bottles on the checkered table-cloths.

The punch flowed, the music played, the couples danced, and it was "La Vie en Rose" for all Pierrots and Pierrettes.

HELGA VON EICKEN, Matric

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

The sound of caroling voices filled the Prep Hall. It was the evening of Sunday, December 6th, and we were holding our annual Carol Service. One by one each form went up to the stage to sing first an English carol, then a French one. The forms were followed by the Staff, who sang an English carol. The choir sang last of all. Their selections were "Jesu Bambino" and "Winter Cold."

When the carols were finished we all went down to the lounge to greet Santa Claus and his helpers. They brought with them a big sack of presents for the Staff. We had a great deal of fun guessing, from the rhymes on the cards, for whom each gift was intended. When they were all given out we had a chance to look at them. My, they were lovely!

After we had sung a few more carols we went to bed. We all wished the evening had lasted another hour or two.

I know the whole school appreciated very much the time Miss Broadbent and Mlle. Cailteux spent helping us with our carols. To Santa and his helpers, too, and to Miss A. Macdonald, who accompanied our singing in the lounge, I wish to say, "Thank you very much."

JANET SMITH, VI A

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THE U.B.C. PLAYS

As the noise of the buses became audible everyone dashed for the door. All were ready. Where were we going? To the U.B.C. play, of course.

This year Bishop's University Dramatic Society put on three one-act plays. The three plays were "The Dear Departed," a comedy; "The Cloak," a Mystery play; and "Our Lady's Tumbler," a religious play. The last play had been commissioned by Salisbury Committee for the Festival of Britain and was first performed in Salisbury Cathedral. These three plays were excellently acted, as the large audience proved by its enthusiasm.

On April 10th, we had the pleasure of seeing "The Lady's Not For Burning." We all realize how fortunate we are in being able to attend these plays and we wish to thank Bishop's University for making it possible for us to be part of the audience.

SHEILA GRAY, Matric.

THE MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

For the first several weeks of the Christmas term we had seen the door of the Prep Hall closed, with a conspicuous "No Admittance" sign pinned to it. The Matrics were rehearsing for their annual entertainment. Although we had tried many times to peek through the key-hole our efforts were useless, for the glimpses of the inside activities which we caught now and then only served to arouse, rather than satisfy, our curiosity. On October eighteenth we were given the pleasure of seeing the finished product of these weeks of practice. When parents, Staff and students had gathered, the excitement of the room visibly increased as curtain time drew near.

When at last the curtain was opened a marvelous sight greeted us. The stage had been transformed into an airport where a great assortment of people milled about, waiting to board their plane. In one corner of the room two football players, in full costume, had turned up to wish one of their team-mates bon voyage. The walls of the stage vibrated as, together, they shouted their team's cheer in memory of past battles and future triumphs. We guiltily eavesdropped on a mother's farewell to her Korea-bound son, and her last minute instructions concerning his health. In another corner a young mother struggled to keep her eye on her baggage and her small, active boy, while in the background three old ladies chatted rather loudly together as they eagerly awaited their first flight. A young artist stood apart from the crowd watching with unconcealed interest the activities of two lovely ballerinas and a young teacher headed for K.H.C. A richly attired young French damsel, with poodle in tow, hurried across the stage, heading towards the runway where her own private plane awaited her and her huge assortment of luggage. During this entire scene a dangerous-looking person moved nervously through the crowd. He closely resembled the picture of a notorious criminal which had been posted in the waiting-room, but before we were able to discover his exact identity the loud speaker announced the flight and the curtain closed.

The next scene took us up in the air on a plane bound for Monte Carlo. We saw that most of the people who had been in the waiting-room were still with us. The three old ladies, even more excited than before, were carefully inspecting their sur-

roundings and annoying the other passengers no end. The little boy was as mischievous as ever, and, in an effort to keep him quiet, his mother decided to tell him a story, "The King's Breakfast." This was cleverly acted out with the figures silhouetted behind a white curtain.

Next we were presented with a modern version of Macbeth, suitably twisted around to fit the occasion. It portrayed the three old ladies of the plane as the artist imagined them. Our blood tingled as we watched, opened mouth, the caperings of these witches who only a short time ago had seemed so innocent and sweet.

The plane trip was then interrupted for us to learn about the wanderings of our young teacher. She, with two others of the same profession, were discussing the style of uniforms suitable for K.H.C. Each had her own views on the topic, but before anything could be decided the real Matrics escorted the Staff up to the stage and presented them with gifts. To Miss Gillard they gave a lovely corsage of roses and to the Staff, two matching vases and some beautiful carnations for the staff-room. The program then continued, but apparently the matter of the school uniform had been dropped for nothing more was said about it.

While we had stopped off at K.H.C. for that short time, the plane had reached its destination. The scene to which we returned was the customs office at Monte Carlo. In the middle of examining the baggage the customs officials made all the other passengers wait until the unpredictable Madame Fifi, with her variety of pieces, had been cleared. Everyone except the little boy was eventually passed through, but he, poor child, was informed that he must either give up his suitcase of candy, or else eat it all before he left the airport. After a long talk with the artist, he decided to share his treasure with the audience. We then visited the "Gaite Parisienne" where we witnessed a charming ballet presented by the two ballerinas and their troupe.

In the last scene the entire matric class gathered in a café in Monte Carlo to say good-bye. With great reluctance we watched the curtain close, ending a brilliant performance and a delightful evening.

CONNIE ROPER, VI A

THE V B OPERETTA AND THE VI B PLAY

Last term I had the good fortune to discover that we had amongst us a distinguished French critic, Monsieur Clicquot. Monsieur Caprice, also a well-known critic, was our informant. I immediately persuaded this modest man (who had kept his identity well hidden) to mingle with the audiences, and to give me his opinion of the V B Operetta, produced by Miss Broadbent, and the VI B play, produced by Miss Robertson.

After seeing the Operetta, he came to me, and thoughtfully stroking his beard, began: "The V B's are an extremely talented group, to be able to put on such a serious Operetta. They are not very old girls, yet the "King Arthur's Court" actors spoke clearly and really became the people they were portraying. I also enjoyed the lovely songs they sang. To follow the story of Percival (Ann Iddon), and the Holy Grail was a delight. Percival's wife (Bambi Reaves), King Arthur and his Queen, (Janet Smith and Heather Morris) and Meliadus (Lyse Quenneville) were very graphically acted. The V A's who assisted in the parts of monks could not have looked more devout or more different from their usual carefree selves."

He ended with a small smile because he had already given higher praise than he had intended to. Critics rarely show such pleasure at anything, and Monsieur Clicquot fears that his words will cause a few swelled heads.

The night of the VI B play, "A Tale of Two Cities" was here at last. Monsieur Clicquot majestically entered the Prep Hall and took a seat by Miss Robertson. The curtains flew apart and the play began. I was so enthralled myself that I forgot about Monsieur Clicquot till the end. I glanced back and saw him looking unperturbed. However, later I made him confess that he was far from feeling so.

"I was only trying not to show that I wanted to weep towards the end," he explained apologetically. "I had the strange sensation that Tony Mitchell, who played Sydney Carton, was really going to be executed."

Then taking on a happier note, he continued. "Never, never have I seen such perfect casting! Judy St. George as lovely Lucy, and Diana Smith as Dr. Manette, her father, were excellent. Caroline Grant as their faithful friend and lawyer, Mr. Lorry, Jill Woods as Lucy's husband, Charles Darnay, and Sandra Smith as fussy old Miss Pross,

played their parts for all the world like professionals. Monsieur and Mme. Defarge (B. J. Newell and Deirdre Allan) were sinister characters, and Madame's knitting was a terrifying object to behold! The supporting characters in the wine-shop scene, although they did not speak, added greatly to the tense atmosphere by their expressions and pantomime. The notorious spy, Barsad, was wonderfully portrayed by Vicki Nesbitt. All the fear created by the revolution was brought to us in that short time. Two talented pianists, Alison MacKenzie and Judy Taylor assisted the VI B's by playing the "Marseillaise" as a duet, at the beginning and end of the play as well as between acts. This play indeed deserves to go to the Sherbrooke Festival, where I wish the actors the best of luck."

So saying, Monsieur Clicquot dropped his rôle of critic, and once more became Clicquot, the French poodle, who is longing for a frisk with Cappy.

SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE, VI A

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As the magazine goes to press, two modern plays—"To Each Generation," by Dora Smith Conover, and "Shall We Join the Ladies?" by J. M. Barrie, are being rehearsed by VI A. These plays promise to be very entertaining and we are all looking forward to their production on May 10th.

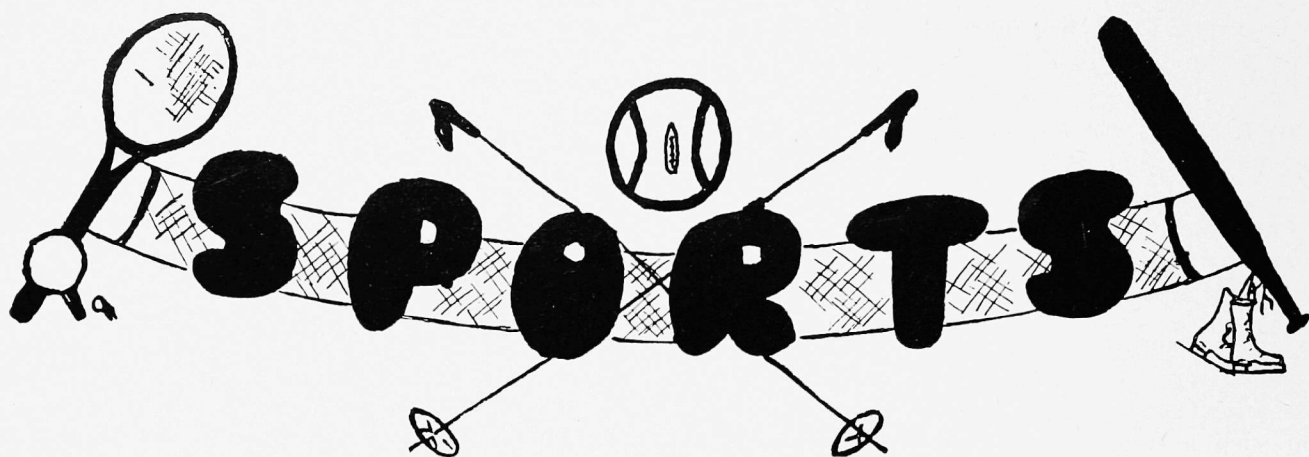
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THE RED CROSS SUPPER

The annual Red Cross supper was held on Sunday, April 29th, in the lounge. We are most grateful to Mrs. Aitken, who was responsible for the colourful decoration of the serving table and for the planning of the delicious buffet-supper.

After supper the Staff and girls handed in the results of many hours of sewing and knitting. Miss Gillard held up each article for us all to see, while later a display was arranged in the library. The contributions ranged from daintily made dresses, pyjamas, sweaters, mitts and socks, to a large afghan, knit in squares by the Junior Cottage and put together by Mrs. Gibb.

The articles were all sent to the Red Cross Society, from whom we received a most gracious letter of acknowledgment. We hope that during the summer the girls will begin making articles for next year's Red Cross supper.



SPORTS CAPTAIN REPORT

This year the school has shown a keen interest in all sports. It was felt that there was an exceptionally good team spirit in School, House and Form games.

The season opened with soccer. We had several House and Form games thus enabling many girls to play. Our two School teams played extremely well throughout the soccer season. Our thanks are due to Miss Keyzer and Mr. Roberts, who coached us untiringly.

After the first snow, volleyball and between double-fire began. Some Forms showed excellent team work in the Volleyball although the games between double-fire tended to get a little rough. On particularly stormy afternoons there were House relays in the Gym. These were a great deal of fun and let the girls work off some excess energy.

After Christmas, when the weather permitted, the girls went skiing and skating. On moonlight nights, Miss Robertson took us skiing. Afterwards Miss Gillard treated us to hot cocoa in her house. Thanks to Miss Robertson, there were many trips to Hillcrest this year. Every girl who could put on her skis got a taste of a real ski hill. Our team did exceptionally well at a ski meet held at Hillcrest and was the pride of the school. During most of the season there was good skating on the pond for those who weren't on the ski-hill.

Badminton was a very popular sport all year round. Many girls learned to play and even those

who weren't very good entered into the tournaments and picked up a few pointers from the better players.

Noisy games of round-robin were played at the ping-pong table in the lounge. The new bats took quite a beating.

We had a Swimming Meet during the Easter term which proved a lot of fun for both competitors and spectators. We are hoping to have one this term if no epidemics come up.

As yet the ground is too wet for baseball, but a few energetic people have been seen swinging the bat and tossing a ball. Once the soccer field dries up we hope to have a field day.

Immediately after the Easter holidays tennis enthusiasts invaded the courts. House teams are being made up and as this magazine goes to press tournaments are about to begin. I am sure the enthusiasm in tennis will be as strong as it has been in the other sports throughout the year.

I should like to thank Miss Keyzer for all the help and time she has given to encourage us in our sports, and Miss Robertson for her valuable instruction in skiing and for the trips to Hillcrest which helped so much to improve our skiing.

I also want to thank all of you for the great enthusiasm you have shown, and I hope next year will be as successful as this one has been.

MARY ANN McNAB

**SENIOR SOCCER**

M. McMaster, V. Gill, C. Eaton, N. Hopper, J. McNab, A. Mackenzie.

S. A. Downs, S. Chester, H. Mackenzie, J. Taylor.

A. McNally, M. A. McNab, Captain, H. Leduc.

**JUNIOR SOCCER**

S. Chalmers, M. Chaplin, A. Rawlings, B. J. Newell, L. Ward, S. Ward, D. Johnstone.

B. Miller, S. Cuthbertson, R. Caridi, B. Gibault, D. Troop, C. Davidson.

D. Smith, T. Mitchell, Captain, S. Haas.

**SENIOR BASKETBALL**

S. Chester, V. Gill, C. Eaton, J. McNab, A. Mackenzie.

A. McNally, J. Taylor, B. Gibault.

M. A. McNab, Captain.

**JUNIOR BASKETBALL**

S. D. Lane, A. Rawlings, B. J. Newell, E. Smith, J. Woods.

J. Pacaud, R. Caridi, P. Dobson.

T. Mitchell, Captain.

SWIMMING MEET

The Inter-House Swimming Meet which was held after the Easter exams caused great excitement. It opened with a few relics from the 1890's causing a deluge of spray and bringing peals of laughter from the audience. Almost every girl took part in at least one of the events. Those girls in the baloon race were unaware of the difficulty of their task until they discovered that the baloons were unbreakable! Miss Keyzer soon remedied the situation by allow-

ing the girls to pinch them. The diving and style competitions were so excellent that the judges had a very hard time to choose the winners.

On the whole, the Meet was a great success having been enjoyed thoroughly by both staff and girls. Macdonald took first place, with Rideau and Montcalm following closely behind. We are now looking forward to our next swimming meet which we hope will be soon.

DIANE SMITH, VI B

SOCCKER REPORT

This year we had a very successful soccer season, except for a few interruptions of bad weather. Under the careful guidance of Miss Keyzer and Mr. Roberts, our two teams—Junior and Senior—were at their best for the games.

On November 18th, Stanstead's two teams came over for two games, in both of which King's Hall happened to be victorious. The games were hard fought and each side played very steadily. We were sorry we could not have a return game, but the ever-changing weather brought snow at the wrong time.

With November 5th, came the B.C.S. Prep School soccer team. This was a game we had all been looking forward to and we weren't let down. Both teams played a hard game that ended in a two-all tie. Two minutes of overtime were played, but the score remained unchanged. After the game we had some refreshments and then said good-bye to the boys. These three games, two with Stanstead and one with Bishop's, were the only ones played by the teams this year.

Although the bad weather prevented the House and Form games from being completed, nearly every girl had a chance to play at least a game or two on her Form team. A few of these games were scoreless ties, but all the games were hard played, as each girl wanted her Form to win. The House spirit was high while the Inter-House games were being played. In the games that were played, MacDonald came out on top, but the other two houses were close behind.

That was the Soccer schedule for 1952. It was very successful, and once again, on behalf of the spectators and players I should like to thank Miss Keyzer and Mr. Roberts for all their hard work in making the game so much fun.

JANE McNAB, VI A

BADMINTON REPORT

Badminton seemed to be exceptionally popular this year. I suppose the new badminton net inspired every one to play, as the new net was minus holes and straggly ropes.

During the beginning of the term the badminton courts were seldom free, and when the tournament list was posted, practically half the school signed. As the doubles have not yet been played I will not be able to give the results, but the junior singles crown was taken by Stephanie Haas, while Ann McNally finished first as a senior competitor. This ended a very successful season.

TONIA MITCHELL, VI B

SKI REPORT

This year nearly every girl in the school had an opportunity to enjoy skiing. Frequently after classes Miss Robertson took groups or forms on cross-country trips behind the school or in the Coaticook woods. One evening, girls from the upper forms were taken on a moonlight cross-country trip that ended with delicious refreshments provided by Miss Gillard in her house.

Miss Robertson also took many girls to Hillcrest to ski during the winter term. All the skiers looked forward to these trips very much. Besides being great fun, the afternoons spent at Hillcrest helped to improve the standard of skiing.

On a team chosen to represent King's Hall at a scholastic ski-meet held at Hillcrest were Patsy Creery, Alison Mackenzie, Janie McNab, Tonia Mitchell, and Judy Ogilvie. In the races for girls Alison won the downhill, and Tonia the slalom.

I know that every girl who has skied at school this year wants to thank Miss Robertson for making the enjoyable cross-country and Hillcrest trips possible.

JUDY OGILVIE, VI A

BASKETBALL

Basketball is another sport which provides keen competition between Forms and Houses. A dull day is brightened by the team spirit which the girls possess. The games began in February and ended soon after we returned in the Summer Term.

The Inter-Form games were played first. As usual, each Form had two teams. After much competition the Matrics proved to be the champions with VI A coming second. Apart from the regular Form games V B played V A. This game ended in favour of V A. V B also played the Prefects. This game was rather amusing, as the Prefects who usually play guard played shot, and vice versa. The Prefects won, although V B played extremely well.

The House games followed. As each House is composed of many girls, four teams were necessary to give all those interested a chance to play. Unfortunately, the magazine went to press before all the games were completed. Up to that time Montcalm held first place with Rideau close behind. The following are the results:

FIRST TEAM GAMES

Montcalm 18 Macdonald 17
Montcalm 13 Rideau 6
Macdonald 14 Rideau 10

SECOND TEAM GAMES

Winner, Rideau

The season reached its peak with games against Stanstead. The first ones were played on March 10th at Stanstead. Both our senior and junior teams were victorious. The play in both games however, was close and fast. Thank you, Stanstead, for having been host to our teams. The return games were played on April 11th. In these games the score was closer, but still in our favour. There was much excitement in these games shared by both players and spectators.

Our thanks are due to Miss Keyzer, who coached us patiently throughout the season, and refereed our games.

ANN McNALLY, VI A

TENNIS REPORT

Unfortunately the tennis so far this year has not been very successful, and many of the ardent fans have been a bit glum over the excessive amount of rain. Girls may still be seen valiantly sweeping the water off the tennis courts, however, and the number of slips of paper tacked onto the bulletin board to bag a court have not decreased. Even so we are all looking forward to the sunny days which are soon to come, bringing with them the hard-fought House tournaments and the much needed tennis lessons. I am sure that we all join together in thanking Miss Robertson for giving up so much of her free time to instruct us in tennis.

ANN RAWLINGS, VI B

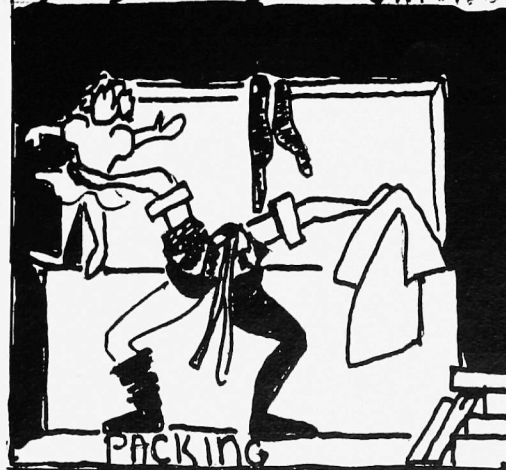
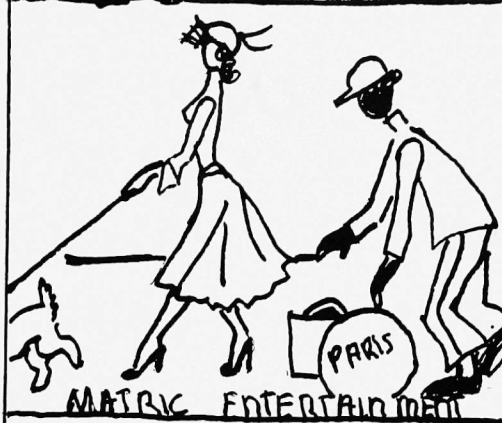
VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball, the "after soccer sport," proved to be more popular than ever this year. A series of House and Form games was played, with Rideau coming out on top, and the forms about even.

"The Compton Wild Cats" (more commonly known as the Staff) played against "The Compton Kittens" (the prefects) providing one of the highlights of the season. Nearly all the Staff, including Mr. Roberts, participated in the game and their team-work won them a decisive victory over the prefects.

The day after the formal, mid-November, the first soccer team played the first B.C.S. football team in volleyball. The boys had never played before, but they needed only a short practice before the game to enable them to defeat us. After the game there was a swim for the boys and then a dance in the Gym for the two teams.

JILL DONALD, VI A





Who's

Who

and

What's

What ?



This winter, while skiing down the side-trail at the newly discovered Compton ski-hill, Comptonites had excellent practical experience in decisive split-second thinking. If one managed to survive the scattered bushes, clumps of grass, stray ski-poles or even skiers on the way down, at the bottom the harrowing choice of plunging headlong into a strategically placed clump of spruce trees, or somersaulting into a canyon-like gulch at the base of the hill faced every intrepid skier. As for the experts—of course, they *stopped*.

Always entranced by anything new, the girls of Compton for two weeks showed uncommon interest in a different field—ancient archeology. Three times a day they went out of their way to explore the dark, subterranean caves of the school cellar. (and in silence too!) We sincerely hope that they all learned something.

One day as a dignified Comptonite leapt down the lower corridor she was brought up short by a new line-up of impatient girls. Being naturally gregarious, she punched her way into the centre of the line and shuffled to the front. A startling image greeted her. K.H.C. had just installed three new full-length mirrors to grace the corridors. Contrary to all popular belief, the mirrors were *not* picked up at a Fun House sale and do *not* make one appear *grossir*. However, they may still account for the recent diets!

Compton has developed a new, very popular sport—tenniswimmingia. This sport may be played only in the early spring. The equipment required is a tennis racket, hip-boots, a bathing suit and two or three old tennis balls that you didn't want anyway. The playing field for this sport is on the new, combination swimming-pool tennis courts. Happy playing!

The mystery of the unmarked laundry has at

last been solved. If you will examine closely the latest trimmings on hats, blouses, stuffed animals and even hair ribbons, you may discover for yourself where all the name tapes have gone.

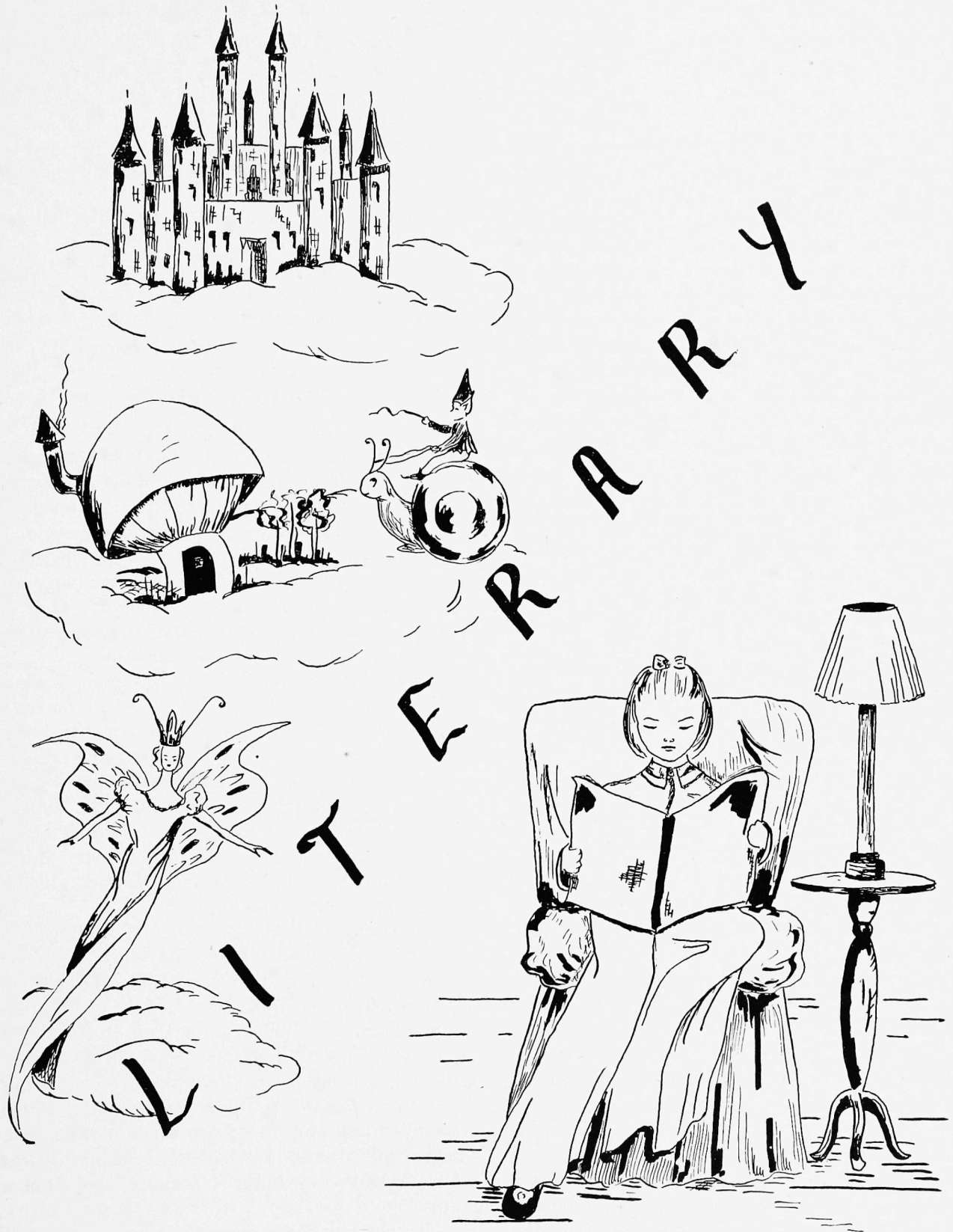
In a general opinion survey taken at K.H.C. recently, formerly fashionable diseases like chicken-pox, and measles were found to be far down on the popularity list. Now, to be in the swing one must have an acute appendix, an ulcer, or at the very least, a trick knee or ankle which requires the use of crutches.

The cosmopolitan touch has been added to K.H.C. Every Monday from the first tinkle of the rising bell until 3.00 p.m., one hears what is generally interpreted as French. It was never realized that Compton contained so many trilinguists until this admirable custom was introduced. However, since then, German, Spanish and upon occasion, even Latin have been heard on those "blue Monday" mornings.

A new member has been added to the Compton canine family. He goes by the name of Clicquot—we understand from wine connoisseurs that this is a very fine brand of champagne. Clicquot appears to be a very fine Maths student, although he frequently falls asleep in class. He (literally) devours Algebra, and we wonder what he does with all that knowledge!

Last year the newest fashion in hair-dos was to imitate animals—poodle clips and horse tails. The more risqué fad now is to have two-tone hair. Just pour a little "stuff" on your hair, and "presto! chango!" your hair comes out yellow, orange, or green, depending on your nature. Of course there's always the danger of your hair falling out, or the chemicals clashing, or someone mistaking you for a freak, but that's the most fascinating part of the experiment.

FLASH BULLETIN: Tunic styles are getting longer by the minute.



T.H.O.

ELSEWHERE

For a sharp second it stood as though poised ready to plunge into the deep sea, then a gust of wind blew its leaves around it, as for protection for what was to come.

Amy, sitting on the open verandah, shivered in her thin muslin gown, but her eyes never once wavered from the curved tall palm tree. That tree meant everything to Amy; the tree was Amy and Amy was the tree; everyone said so and Amy herself knew it. Looking at the tree which seemed to be leaning towards her, its long green arms beckoning, Amy smiled to herself, remembering the story that her father had so often told her. It had been the custom in the family to plant a palm tree at the birth of every child. Amy's birth was no exception. The tree grew rapidly, and Amy grew rapidly. After sixteen years Amy and the tree were the talk of the town. The tree was extraordinarily tall and slender; the tree was majestic; it towered over all the other trees. Amy was tall, sylph-like and very beautiful. One drowsy, still afternoon Amy fell asleep at the foot of the tree. Soon the skies darkened, the waves beat against the walls and the tree's leaves were thrashing in the wind as though they were trying to wake Amy. She slept . . . Crack! Thunder rolled and jagged bolts of lightning chased across the sky. Suddenly there was a dazzling light before Amy and a deafening crack. She woke with a scream . . . Amy was paralyzed.

Sitting in her wheel chair now she looked at the palm tree thrashing its leaves, the tree that was like her, once proud and straight but now bent though still proud.

"Miss Amy, Miss Amy!" an old Negress stood in the doorway shouting at the bent old lady. Amy could not hear her above the roar of the wind and the crashing of the waves, the thunder, and the thrashing of the palm tree leaves which seemed to be warning her. The turbaned negress tottered over to her frail mistress, whose clothes were now drenched. She shook her.

"Miss Amy, the storm is coming; come inside."

"Hilda, go in. You will catch cold."

"But, please Miss . . ."

"Hilda—go in."

Motionless, drenched, Miss Amy sat in her chair, her eyes glued to the tree, willing it to have courage in the terrible storm. The following morning the tree no longer stood proud and curved, nor did Miss Amy. Amy was the tree and the tree was Amy . . . elsewhere.

GEORGIE HEBDEN, Matric

SIMILE

Shining slants of sunlight sleep down on the quiet scene

Filling the early snow with chips of crystal and celestial glittering.

Suddenly the crunching bite of footsteps

And sonorous sound of bells from sleighs and heaving animals

Suspends with frigid breathlessness this silent time, Like heedless smoke,

Whose streaming forth in bluish, hazy columns

From the warm interior of a brightly lighted cabin Has marred the endless density of sky.

HELGA VON EICKEN, MATRIC

DIEM EXPECTO

(A FANTASY)

There hangs my symbolic cloak, in that ancient closet which once held the ermine of Victoria. Downy soft fur—a sign of royalty and splendour, a spectacle for the people—truly my people. Tomorrow will I feel the weight of a jewelled crown upon my head, and receive the weight of an empire upon my heart. And they will cheer. They will wish me longevity and go away glad—some to their carriages, others to battered bicycles.

Everything is ready. From this room I see the glow of the stable light and I know the horses are being groomed. There is a bustle in the kitchen where preliminaries of the feast are being prepared. Everywhere to-day I saw flashes of purple, royal purple representing me,—no longer the daughter but the successor treading in the wake of that mighty ship that braved the furious foam. But the ship sank, and I am the Ancient Mariner, alone left to battle an ever-changing sea.

The ermine gleams no more. A shadow wipes away its glory and I know the sun is setting. So must I to bed, for to-morrow, I, like the sun, must cast a golden ray upon the world, or at least upon a kingdom . . . What is an empire to the strident crowds? To the school-boy, a blotch of red upon the maps; to most, a secure, well-governed corporation—and to me? A Royal responsibility. I must try to endure war, a cold one which is melting into rage. Can we ever draw back that adamant curtain and make the world free? I am a ruler. Is it my duty?

The shadow of the majestic garb has fused into blackness now and the white dotted fur can no longer be seen, but I know it is there waiting, waiting for the sunrise and the Queen.

MARY ANN CODE, Matric

REMEMBERED VOICES

Even now, as I sit by the fire watching its bright flames leap and dart about, echoes of former years come back to me. To-night is Christmas Eve. I smiled as I said that, remembering another Christmas Eve ten years ago when my children were small and thrilled with the prospect of a visit from Santa.

"I shall stay awake and see him when he comes," boasted ten year old David.

I can still see his determined face, with its turned-up nose, as he repeated his statement for the benefit of the baby, Carol.

"Oh, Davey, will you tell us what he looks like?" pleaded Carol, her blue eyes wide with excitement.

"Don't be silly, Dave, you know that nobody ever sees Santa!"

Anne was seven, and the ruler of the nursery. She had a charming, shy manner which won the hearts of all who knew her. Her soft brown eyes with their thick lashes were the envy of her elder cousins and her playmates. She would be seventeen now, if she had lived; but she, along with David and many other children in the neighbourhood, were victims of that horrible polio epidemic which had struck our city so ruthlessly nine years ago.

How gay they had been that last Christmas Eve as they trimmed the tree and hung up their stockings! Carol, who was so tiny, had to be lifted up so that she might fasten her own stocking to the hook on the mantel. I raised my eyes. The hook was still there, and I could almost see the brilliant red stocking, with the hole in the toe, hanging as it had that Christmas Eve so long ago. Carol's gay, ringing laugh still echoes in my ears as her brother loudly teased her. She had been a fat, laughing baby, who was seldom sad. Tears brim in my eyes as I think of her now, still happy and laughing, but tied to a wheel-chair. She was also struck with polio, but she managed to come out of the battle hurt and twisted, it is true, but still alive.

Before they had gone to bed that night, I had read them a few chapters of the *Christmas Carol*. The baby had been too young to understand, and David had been too excited to pay much attention, but Anne had sat with her eyes glued to my face, drinking in every word.

Memories. They are practically all I have left of my children. The rooms still vibrate with their shrill voices as they romped about the house, quarreling and teasing each other. If I had known

that they would be taken from me in such a short time I would never have left their bed-sides as I tucked them in and kissed them good-night that well-remembered Christmas Eve, listening to their drowsy chatter about their stockings.

Suddenly the sound of singing broke into my thoughts. Quickly I rose from my chair and went to the door. Outside, a group of girls and boys were singing carols. The sound of children singing had hurt me for many years after David and Anne died, but one can't live in the past always, and now I loved their voices praising God, and singing of the birth of Our Lord. I smiled at them, and opened the door wider to invite them in for candy and cocoa before they continued on their way. The remembered voices of my children, once so sad and heart-breaking to me, are now treasures which I keep locked up in my heart to share with no one.

ANONYMOUS, VI A

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THE SOUTH

The South is the place that the people love,
With the hum of bees and birds above
Who chirp and sing 'till the sun goes down
And soar through the space that's all around.

The rippling brook goes in and out,
Making the grass and flowers sprout.
And the children in their summer suits
Play hide-and-seek in the tree's big roots.

The wind from the tossing blue ocean out there
Comes in as a gentle gust of air.
The crashing waves foam on the smooth golden
beach
And wash all the shells, it seems, just out of reach.

The tall stately palm trees bend whispering heads
Low over the deep river's sandy beds.
The beautiful hills in sunshine lie clothed,
And the scent comes from far, of wild mint and
clove.

The South is the land that to you is unknown,
But to me that land has always been home.
Home is the place where the heart is, they say,
And my heart is southern in every way!

CONNIE PIERS, V A

UN AMI

A Marseille, dans une modeste petite maison, demeurait la famille Cloutier. Madame Cloutier avait un enfant, un garçon de huit ans, appelé Pierre. Le pauvre petit Pierre s'ennuyait souvent car, étant estropié, il ne pouvait aller jouer avec les autres garçons de son âge et passait la plus grande partie de son temps dans son fauteuil roulant.

Un jour que Pierre se trouvait dans le jardin, il vit passer un chien à l'air triste. Vite, il appela l'animal, qui accourut joyeusement vers lui.

"Maman!" cria Pierre avec joie, "Maman! Viens vite!" Craignant que quelque chose ne fût arrivé à son fils, Madame Cloutier fut bientôt près de lui.

"Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, mon chéri?" dit-elle.

"Oh! Maman, puis-je garder ce chien, s'il te plaît?" Madame Cloutier, après avoir regardé le chien, le chassa hors du jardin, puis se tournant vers Pierre elle lui dit, "Non, non chéri, car je suis bien sûre qu'il appartient à quelqu'un."

Malgré que Madame Cloutier eût chassé le chien il revint tous les jours, si bien que Pierre et Rip, c'était le nom que l'enfant avait donné à son gentil compagnon, devinrent bientôt de grands amis.

Un après-midi des écoliers vinrent à passer, et, voyant Pierre assis sous les arbres du jardin, ils s'écrièrent: "Pierre est un sot. Pierre ressemble aux filles—il ne joue jamais avec nous."

Pierre baissa la tête et ne répondit rien, mais lorsqu'ils s'en furent allés, il décida d'essayer de marcher. Tu m'aideras Rip, n'est-ce pas?" demanda Pierre d'une voix hésitante. Le chien le regarda affectueusement, ses yeux semblaient dire: "Mais oui, mon ami, je t'aiderai certainement." Pierre se cramponna alors à son fidèle compagnon pour tâcher de se tenir debout et de faire quelques pas.

De longs mois s'écoulèrent. Maintenant Pierre, toujours aidé de Rip, pouvait marcher. L'idée lui vint alors de traverser la rue, mais tandis qu'il se trouvait presque au milieu du chemin, sa mère, qui le regardait de la fenêtre, vit un auto qui arrivait à toute vitesse. La pauvre femme aurait voulu se porter au secours de son enfant, malheureusement la peur l'avait transformée en statue. Mais Rip avait vu le danger. Il s'élance vers Pierre le saisit par le fond de ses pantalons et réussit à le ramener en lieu sûr.

Depuis ce jour-là, Rip fait partie de la famille Cloutier.

JANE DOUGLAS LANE, V A
SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE, VI A

OLD MINNIE

"Living in a tiny village like Greenwood is not a good thing," my mother used to say to me. "You get to know the people too well."

She sighed and shook her head. Suddenly she brightened.

"Now there is one person, just one, about whom nobody knows anything, and that is Old Minnie. Old Minnie's a smart one, she is," and there Mother would always stop.

You can imagine how annoyed I was—I, an inquisitive little thing of thirteen who was at the stage where no stone must be left unturned. "Find Out Everything" was my motto, and with a toss of my black curls I made up my mind to find out just why Old Minnie was considered so wise.

No one knew how old this remarkable person was, what her real name was, or why she had come to Greenwood. All they did know was that she lived on the other side of Friar's Forest, did her marketing every fortnight and kept strictly to herself. But she was not a snob, mind you. Oh no! Old Minnie was full of fun and laughter and we all wished we could have seen a little more of her! Without being forward, though, we could not go to her house without an invitation, and yet she never asked a soul!

The day was Saturday, and I did not have to go to school. I put on a pair of dark overalls because Donnie, the boy across the street, had said that the best things to wear when you are going through a forest and are not wanting to be seen, are dark things. Off I went, whistling as I walked, trying to hide my excitement. I had been walking for what seemed hours when I finally reached the little clearing around Old Minnie's house. I sat myself down behind a clump of bushes and waited. Not five minutes later Old Minnie came out to the doorway. I sat up in my best detective manner and peered through the bushes. Old Minnie was making the most peculiar noises I had ever heard! A bird flew down from a tree and sat on her shoulder; a squirrel scampered over the ground and stood poised at her feet. Soon the ground and air around her seemed to be filled with little animals, while all the time the little old lady was making those strange sounds. I saw her scatter crumbs and kernels of corn. I saw the animals eat them and run squeaking and twittering away.

"What a lovely thing," I thought enviously, "to be a friend of the forest animals!"

Old Minnie went into her cottage again and I did not see any sign of her for a long time. The sun was very hot, and the long new grass smelled very sweet, and all the forest noises sounded exactly like a lullaby. With a sigh of happiness I fell asleep.

I awoke to find it blackest night. The forest noises seemed mysterious now; crickets jumped noisily onto my arm. I brushed them off and stood up to look around. One light was burning in Old Minnie's house, and all around me nothing but darkness. Suddenly I realized that I was miles from home, and with a greater shock realized that I couldn't get there even if I tried. I sat down and began to cry softly.

"Child," a quiet voice said, "why have you been spying on me all day?"

It was Old Minnie in her doorway. In my terror I thought that she was some kind of a witch to know that I had been there. I cowered, shivering as she came over to me.

"Why, bless my soul! It's Marta, little Marta Syndas!"

"I . . . I . . ." I faltered, "I came here to see why people said you were so wise, and now . . . now . . ." I began to cry helplessly.

"There, there!" she said pityingly. "Come into my house, little one."

Seated on a low stool in her cottage, drinking a glass of warm milk, I watched Old Minnie's wrinkled face in fascination.

"So people think I'm smart, do they? Well, she fell to chuckling, "that's nice, very nice. And you came to see why nobody could or would explain to you."

"Yes," I said a little more steadily.

"I'll tell you, dearie," she said leaning towards me. "I'll tell you. In the first place, I'm not smart. I just live the way most people in this village want to live but don't dare. My old age takes care of that, though; they think I'm a little queer, but still wise. Oh yes! They admit I'm wise! I live by myself. I have many acquaintances and many friends—the friends being the birds and animals you saw. The only book I read is my Bible. The only person I talk to is myself. That way no harm can come of talk, talk, talk. There is nothing more beautiful to look at and to smell than the forest. That means I have no yearning for greater sights because I have seen none. In short, dearie, I'm at peace with the world, and most especially with myself. I was unwise when I was young, but all that is forgotten. I know now that I have lived gladly and will die so.

"But child, we must be taking you home," she said suddenly.

I did not speak but put my hand in hers, holding it tightly all the way back.

And now, when Mother says in her weary tone that all are foolish except Old Minnie, I wisely shake my head in agreement and say, "Oh, yes!"

SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE, VI A

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SPRING FEVER

Sun, tan, lotion, burn
What a waste of time to learn.
Tulips, birds, breezes, fun
The answer in the book is x plus one.
Algebra, what a dreary pastime,
Oh, for a glass of ice-cold lime.
Louis XVI (sixteenth) poor old king,
I certainly wish that bell would ring
If I don't settle down I'm going to fail,
What a perfect day to go for a sail.

Tennis, grass, golf, coke
These Chem. equations are far from a joke.
What was 'Ulysses' life-long yen?
I've never seen such a scratchy pen.
The apple blossoms have a lovely smell
Did someone say French class? "Bonjour Mam'-selle."
I must settle down to some serious work,
For school is something I shouldn't shirk.
Lake, boat, pines, swim
What is the date the exams begin?

The last bell has rung; I come out of my daze,
But I still see the world through a rose-coloured haze.
Spring fever has hit me; I feel very gay
But the feeling is fleeting for I hear a voice say,
"Just nine weeks before those exams begin,"
Not a moment to lose, I must dig in.
My rose-coloured world disappears in a flash.
The words sound to me like the cymbal's clash.
I spring to my senses and hear myself say,
"I will start my review this very day."

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, Matric

SPEED

Speed is a fundamental asset in our world to-day, but it has certainly not always been so, and will it continue to be? In the age of our grandparents speed was looked upon as improper, undignified, and thoroughly unconventional. Now, words like "Quick!, Hurry up!, and Slow-Poke!" are commonplace. What will happen to speed in the future?

"Haste makes waste" was a favourite saying of our ancestors. Indeed, you never think of them but you see them riding sedately along at a reasonable four miles-an-hour in their horse drawn carriages. Certainly the voluminous petticoats, the stays, the bonnets, the buttons, the intricate ties, the laced boots, were designed for people who had nothing more to do in the morning than array themselves in all their complex finery. Yet those people of that by-gone era were not often late. That is little to be wondered at, as they had plenty of time to insure their being punctual for their appointments. Before the time of the automobile, the airplane, the speed-boat, the jet, the sound wave, the cosmic ray and the atomic power set in, there was an age of gracious living, where haste certainly made waste.

Suddenly, at about the turn of the century, people became aware of Speed. The automobile appeared, and the long skirts were bundled up so that their owners might ride in those machines which travelled at an unbelievable rate of ten miles-an-hour. The airplane was invented and trans-Atlantic flights were made in a day. The stock market slumped steadily downward with increasing speed. However, skirts grew steadily shorter with a rapidity undreamed of by our grandparents. Gone were the days of leisure when you had the whole morning in which to dress. Now, instead of multitudinous buttons, zippers had been discovered! Now man is racing the speed of sound in his jet planes. He has harnessed the atom which travels at sixty times the speed of light. Business men think nothing of flying two or three hundred miles to the "office" every morning and back every night. People arrange their lives so that they can do two things (at least!) at the same time. Will we keep on going faster and faster and faster until we drop exhausted by the wayside, or will we suddenly become rational again and take time out for a little rest from speed on the way?

Speed in the future is going to present a rather difficult problem. Science promises us that in a few years we will think nothing of travelling at rates above the speed of sound. To reach the moon in a

few days—that will be nothing. To go to any place in the world in a few hours—that will be practically slow! But how much speed can a human being stand? Have you ever been on a carnival ride called "The Octopus"? The daring ones who ride it are twirled around in a huge circle this way, and in a little circle that way, all the time travelling at what appears to be an immense speed. The first time I rode on it, it was strange; the second time, it was wonderful; the third time, I was ill. Perhaps that is what will happen to our descendants, perhaps tired of speed, they will turn back to the four miles-an-hour horse carriage instead of the four-hundred miles-an-hour jet plane.

SUSANNE CHESTER, Matric.

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LE VIEUX PECHEUR

Le vieux pêcheur s'asseyait tous les jours sur le quai avec son chien Fido à côté de lui. Il aimait la mer, et, pour lui, elle était toute sa vie. Son père avait été pêcheur et son grand-père aussi. Assis au soleil, le bon vieux somnolait; quand midi sonnait, il prenait son maigre repas puis s'assoupissait de nouveau.

Il s'appelait Jacques. Autrefois, il avait été le meilleur pêcheur du village, mais maintenant, devenu aveugle, il n'allait plus avec les autres jeter les filets. Il en était d'autant plus malheureux qu'il se sentait inutile au monde.

Un jour que les autres pêcheurs étaient rassemblés sur la jetée, ils remarquèrent le vieillard avec son ami Fido. Alors Pierre, un jeune pêcheur, dit à ses camarades: "Pauvre vieux! Dire qu'il était jadis le meilleur pêcheur du village. Comme il est seul maintenant! Essayons de lui faire reprendre goût à la vie." Ils s'approchèrent de Jacques et s'assirent à côté de lui. Il les regarda fixement, mais sans les voir. L'un d'eux dit: "Jacques, tous les pêcheurs veulent que vous travailliez pour eux. Nous savons que vous réparez très bien les filets, aussi espérons-nous que vous consentirez à raccommoder les nôtres." Jacques sourit et Fido aboya ...

A présent, Jacques ne va plus s'asseoir seul sur le quai. Toute la journée il répare les filets dans sa petite chaumière; le soir venu, les autres pêcheurs lui font visite. Il mène une vie plus heureuse, parce qu'il pense qu'il est encore un être utile sur terre.

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, Matric

JOE'S MACKEREL

"But I'm tellin' ye, it was a good four-foot long! And whether ye believe me or not, I'm stickin' to me story which is as true as me eyes are blue," yelled Joe, the bearded fisherman.

He was speaking to a group of fellow fishermen who were assembled in a tavern on a night too stormy for fishing vessels.

"Go 'way with ye!" jeered a fat listener, "Ye're lyin'. We know thar ain't a mackerel that size in the whole Atlantic! Besides, ye're eyes are grey, not blue!"

This brought an approving roar from the crowd which was beginning to gather around the table at which the men were seated. Joe's face turned red with rage but he held onto his temper.

He shouted above the roars of laughter, "Ye're all jealous of me, that's what ye are! An' ye're jealous 'cause ye've never even seen a four-foot mackerel, to say nothin' of ever catchin' one!"

The men looked around the smoky room for some smart speaker to snap back at Joe.

Jim, the burly tavern-owner spoke up, "Ya, sure we'd catch one if there was such a thing! Now stop ye're story-tellin' or I'll have to put ye out on ye're ear 'cause ye're makin' racket enough for a body to turn over in 'is grave!"

"Aw, Jim, don't kick 'im out, we're interested in 'is stories!" taunted another member of the crowd.

Joe, utterly disgusted and thoroughly teased, moved uncomfortably in his chair.

"Ave ye got any proof of what ye caught, Joe?" asked one elderly man, rather kindly.

"No," answered Joe sadly, "I ain't got no proof. We et it the night I caught it, we did. Jessie cooks a mackerel somethin' wunnerful."

His eyes gazed into space as if remembering the hot mackerel melting in his mouth.

"Wal," said a skinny, evil looking red-head, "since 'e ain't got no proof of ever cathun' this beeoootiful fish, I guess 'e'd better go. Eh, Jim? He's disturbin' the peace, you say!"

"Yep," said Jim, "guess ye'd better go, Joe. G'wan now, blow! Fast! We don't like liars, ye know!"

So Joe, a sad, beaten, downcast, yet defiant fisherman, picked up his battered cap, put a coin in the bartender's hand for the beer, and with his head down on his chest, slowly walked out of the shop, the crowd laughing behind him.

DEIRDRE ALLAN, VI B

LAMENT OF A CLOCK-WATCHER

"This is the last time I'll look at that clock!"

How many times had I said that? When I am writing an exam, it seems that clocks have a peculiar fascination for me. I had entered the room calm, cool, and confident. Now, thanks to the endless tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock of that leering face on the wall, I am reduced to a doddering, panic-stricken fool whose chances of passing are slim. I had come in, sat down at the desk, and written the first half on my paper when the strangest feeling came over me that someone, something was taking a more than usual interest in my work. Glancing hurriedly up, my eyes met the blank face of a clock on the wall directly in front of me. I stared at it; it stared at me, letting out explosive tick-tocks at regular intervals. Returning to my paper I concentrated as well as I could.

"Four more questions to do and then the end. How much time have I?"

Slowly and with a guilty feeling, I raised my eyes to the clock again. Its minute hand held my attention. It was impossible to tear my eyes from it. Steadily it moved, minute by minute passed with a distinct and audible click as three o'clock was reached. Half-an-hour for four questions!

I tore my eyes from the clock and again riveted them on my paper. As my ears strained to catch each sound that it made, I found myself writing and muttering, "Two words for the tick, one for the tock." My pen flew over the paper, trying to keep up with the ticks and tocks. Now how much time was left? Fifteen minutes! As I gazed on the clock's face with terror and awe, watching the minutes tick away, my mind was silently counting the ticks, multiplying by sixty, subtracting the number of days in a week. The answer should be the number of tocks in half an hour. Why didn't it come out? Perhaps if I Ten minutes left!

Back to my paper I went. All self-control had vanished. The remaining ten minutes was spent between glaring at the clock and quickly writing short phrases which made no sense whatever. Now it is over. I am convinced that time will pass, but will I?

SHARON CHALMERS, VI A



THE ROME THAT WAS BUILT IN A DAY

"I don't want to practise," Kathy grumbled angrily as she threw herself down onto the hard piano-stool. "It's just a stupid waste of time. I don't see why I have to take music lessons in the first place!"

A cheery robin hopped to the window ledge and stared at her curiously, his head cocked. Behind him in the orchard the apple trees flaunted their blossom-laden branches gaily. White clouds drifted slowly by in the blue sky, and the scent of summer came through the open window on a gentle breeze.

Kathy swung around on the revolving stool and flicked her hand at the robin. He burst into a trill of notes and disappeared. Slowly she turned to stare at the piano again. Her mother's voice came from the kitchen. "Why aren't you practising, Kathy?"

"Oh Mum! It's so hot, and I just can't get this new piece!"

"I don't seem to hear you trying very hard," her mother commented dryly. "Remember, dear, 'Rome wasn't built in a day!'"

With a sigh, Kathy reached up and took a book from the top of the piano. She opened it to a place marked in her teacher's handwriting, and placed it on the music rack. She stared sullenly at it for a few minutes, then suddenly she called, "Mum, couldn't I listen to a record for just a while before I practise?"

"Oh Kathy!" Her mother was becoming impatient. "If you don't care any more for your music than that, I'm afraid I can't help you."

Kathy sprang up from the piano. "You mean I don't have to practise?" she cried. "Oh, thank you Mum!"

Then her glance fell on the record player standing in the corner of the room.

"I suppose I could play just one record," she said aloud. With a practised hand she adjusted the machine, selected a record at random, and settled herself comfortably in a chair.

Soft and wistful, the music floated out from the corner to fill the room. Mounting upwards, it trilled like a lark on its ascending flight, then rippled earthward again, like the quiet pond down by the old stone mill. It rose and soared upwards and ever upwards, till it came crashing downwards like a foaming cascade spilling over a rocky ledge. It poured out in a seemingly endless tumble, like a happy brooklet bubbling over a hilly country-side. Then it became a mighty crescendo of notes, crashing and soaring in the magnificent thunder of an or-

chestra at its best. Once again it became an exquisite, haunting melody, played over and over until the record was finished.

Kathy leaned forward, entranced. When the record stopped she rose and turned it off. The room seemed strangely quiet and real, after the wonderful minutes.

To break the silence, she said aloud, very slowly, "So that's what can be done with music!"

She walked to the piano and stood thoughtfully before it. Hesitantly she seated herself and placed her hands on the gleaming keys. In a few minutes, Kathy was completely engrossed in the task of learning her new piece. Her mother entered the room, caught sight of the golden head bent over the piano, and stole hurriedly out again, a smile on her lips.

When she went to bed that night, Kathy leaned out of her window. The stillness of the summer night, the shadowed lawns, the quiet, towering trees, the soft twilight, the gentle breeze, all made her feel secure and very happy. A bird twittered sleepily in a nearby tree, and she wondered if it was the same one she had seen that afternoon.

"Anyway," she called softly, "I found out a lot of things since you last saw me, robin. One of them was not to believe everything you hear. They do say, you know, that Rome wasn't built in a day, but my Rome was!"

Then, with her eyes shining, she gently closed the window and leaped for her bed.

ANONYMOUS, V A

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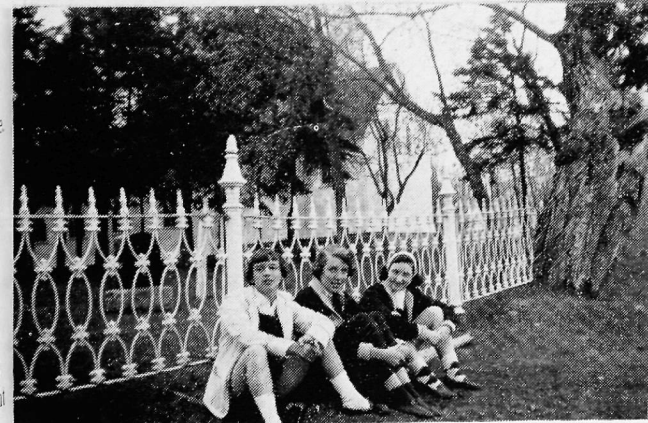
ON A SUNSET

The trees stood out against a glowing sky!
The lapping lake reflected back its rays.
An arc of brilliant sunshine slowly dropped
Shedding its light through poplars' leafy haze.

The purple mountains turned a fiery red,
And sky became a mottled pink and blue.
The sun's last rays a yellow glory shed,
And gently bid a tired world adieu.

I watched and saw its brilliance slowly fade;
The water shone and held its lingering light
As twilight tiptoed from some dewy glade.
Softly this sunset vanished from my sight.

HEATHER WOODS, VI A



GARDEN GLORY IN BERMUDA

As I awake in the early dawn, I can lie in bed and watch the miracles of nature. The silent grey mist begins to rise and allow the sun's golden rays to penetrate every article on the earth's surface. The dew sparkles on every petal and leaf. It even seems to be dancing merrily over the delicate cobwebs which spread gracefully from limb to limb of the tall cedar trees. These beautiful trees stand at my garden's entrance, seeming to guard it. Under the spreading branches, daisies grow in a wild and glorious state, looking like a patch of snow that may never melt from one winter's end to another. Nearby, beside the old stone wall, stretch neat rows of pansies, their faces sparkling as they look out at the new day. Behind the pansies, ranged in order of height, grow the friendly snap-dragons, while an occasional early Easter lily is budding, and the crimson poinsetta wave in the breeze, appearing master of the garden. From the rickety old stile a well-trodden path leads through the orange grove into the open fields beyond which the sea fades away into the blue horizon.

TERRY ABBOT, V A

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NOSES

In most novels the author mentions the size, shape, and type of nose his characters possess. To me noses can help show people's character. They can give to or take from a face. We help distinguish races by their type of nose. Apart from their intended use noses are an extremely important feature. Noses can often make or break a person's career. If Mr. Barker, a movie scout, sees a young man with a Roman nose who apparently seems to find life a hard school, he is sure to take advantage and engage the man for a part in the next movie about ancient Rome. The man's hairline might have to be lifted, or his ears flattened, but absolutely nothing has to be done about his nose. This is a nose that has given someone a well-paid future. On the other hand, Mr. Clay is an unfortunate salesman who has just lost his job as he is unable to sell anything. He terrified children, while housewives shut their doors in his face. Why? Mr. Clay broke his nose years ago while boxing. To begin with, his nose was never especially attractive, and Mr. Clay never had it set properly when he smashed it. After seeing Mr. Clay at her door, Mrs. Allan told her husband quite bluntly that she knew the salesman was a crook.

"He had that sinister look. There was something about his nose that made him look like a burglar."

There are many types of noses which are popularly, though erroneously associated with certain types of people. Frequently when an author writes about a titled person he gives his imaginary character an aquiline nose. A butcher is often depicted with a round red face and an equally round nose. Some trust companies in their advertisements show a little boy with a snub freckled nose who whistles as he fishes in a stream. Underneath might be printed, "Do you want a safe future for your boy? Then be sure to invest in" It would never do to have the boy with a narrow hooked nose. He is just not the type, and the picture would not give the right effect because the boy would look too old and self-sufficient to need help for the future.

We amuse ourselves by imagining that a nose is an open door to a person's character, that the aquiline nose shows intelligence while the Roman nose shows integrity. Of course the facts are all against our theory. A nose can however make a face look kind or ruthless, sweet or harsh, domineering or suppressed, clever or stupid. Noses give faces expression just as eyes or mouths do. Noses show people's background or race. They are like a tradition passed from father to son. Noses are interesting and have often fascinated me. They can be compared or contrasted. It is no wonder that there are such sayings as "Follow your nose."

JUDY OGILVIE, VI A

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ENDLESS DESTINATION

Where are you going with your coat buttoned up
'gainst the storm?

They call you too, and you sigh and say
"Still call away from my home

And my plow

And my love of this day."

Your frown deepens as the sorrow runs unheeding
down your face

And you hide in shame, lad;

For this early pain to untrained minds is madness,
And this deadly race is sad;

For whom do you toil with the brown mud caked
to your back?

Your God, your love, your country, my man.

HELGA VON EICKEN, Matric

JANE'S FIRST HUNT

The sun was not yet up but a golden tint in the eastern sky promised a glorious day to the little town of Masefield in England. Jane woke up with a start. Her fair tousled hair, which she tried to keep out of her face, was like a highland pony's. She tried to remember what day it was and why she felt so excited. Yes, she remembered well enough. It was the day she was to go on her first hunt.

She dressed her slim figure hurriedly and raced down the front steps to the waiting horse-van, which was to carry Jane and her chestnut filly to their first hunt. The horses were neighing and pawing as if they knew the importance of this day. Jane had been practising daily and now she felt secure and ready to hunt. The van came to a halt and the groom took the horses out and saddled them. At last the whole hunt had arrived and they set off at a slow trot down the old deserted lane. The sun had risen now and was shining on the brightly coloured group as they sped along the yellowing turf.

Jane and her pony had been doing well so far, not missing a jump or ticking a hedge, but her pony, which was smaller than the rest lagged behind, towards the end of the hunt. The afternoon was coming on and Jane was beginning to feel rather tired when a large railed fence with a ditch extending for four feet on the other side loomed before them. Jane felt that she might not be able to make it, but it was worth a try. She waited till the last had gone over and then tried. She felt herself lurch forward and fly through the air on her filly, but disaster came. The filly, in order to catch up with the rest, had taken the jump too quickly and had knocked her hind legs on the top bar. Jane felt herself being bolted out of the saddle and she landed in the ditch on the other side of the fence with a thud that nearly knocked her out, whilst the pony stood munching the grass on the other side.

Jane lay in the ditch for a few minutes trying to recover herself. Finally she lifted herself from it and crawled to the fence. Her arm ached terribly as she had twisted it severely when she fell. Jane could hear the hunting horn and the wailing of the hounds in the distance. Suddenly panic seized her; how would she ever get home with her injured arm, and tired pony and worst of all without knowing the way, for she had been too absorbed in the hunt to notice the surrounding countryside. She wandered around trying to find her way home, but to no avail. She just got more mixed up, and it was now growing

darker and the first stars had begun to shine. Suddenly she thought she heard the dull thud of horses' hoofs coming from the opposite direction. She strained her ear. Yes, they were drawing nearer. Two riders came into view.

"Oh!" cried Jane, turning her pony towards them, "I'm so glad you've come. I was getting very frightened out here."

Jane trotted home between the two men, with the increasing darkness swallowing them up.

SANDRA STEWART, V A

STORM TREASURE

There was a loud crash against the wall of Janet's bedroom, and she cowered deeper under the mound of bed-clothes. The lightning which flashed in rapid succession briefly lit up the familiar objects around her, only to leave her in more total darkness than before. The wind shrieked loudly like some mad jungle beast. The changing shadows on the wall frightened her; one moment a raging lion stood outlined; then the tossing trees changed the King of Beasts into a masked face, which leered scornfully from her bedside. Janet buried her head under her pillow to smother a scream of fright.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright. Through a lull in the storm she heard a faint whimpering beneath her window. The next second, a clap of thunder drowned all other sounds. Janet scrambled out of bed and started to move towards the window, but as her feet touched the floor, a flash of lightning tore through the room, followed by a loud clap of thunder. It was almost as if the storm were defying her, Janet thought. For a minute she contemplated what might happen if she dared investigate the noise, but less than a minute later she was quietly unlocking the kitchen door.

Still fifteen minutes later, rescued and rescuer were happily dripping onto the bedroom floor. Janet laughed with delight as a round spotted puppy chewed industriously on her bare toes. "Stop it!" she teased him, snatching her foot away. "That tickles!"

Lying awake in the dark room, she stretched out her hand and encountered the warm soft fur of her new treasure. The storm was no longer terrifying. The noise now sounded like a parade, and the frightening shadows became happy clowns that laughed and capered about her bedroom. Presently the clowns faded into darkness, and the happy noise became dimmer and dimmer. Janet slept.

SUSAN KILGOUR, V A

THE LURE OF THE HORSES

One bright spring morning I was riding through the small forest near our place. I was on Glandy, my father's best horse, and was enjoying myself immensely. Suddenly Glandy shied, almost throwing me. I looked to see what had frightened him, and saw a little man about three feet high standing at the side of the path.

"Mornin, Miss," he drawled in a slow slurry accent. "Beautiful morning, this."

"Yes," I agreed in a shaking voice, for I did not know what to think of this little man. I patted Glandy's neck, trying to soothe the excited horse, and my concern for him helped to disperse my fears.

"You like horses, don't you?" he exclaimed. "I can see it in your face, that I can."

"Why yes, I do. They're grand animals," I replied, gradually losing my fear of this pixie man.

"How would you like me to show you some of the best in the world?" he whispered to me.

"Oh! Do you really mean that?" I cried joyously, my love of horses quenching any fear I had left of him.

"Follow me, and you will see!" he said mysteriously, as he skipped off down the trail.

For a moment I was undecided what to do, but my curiosity got the better of me, and I put Glandy into a canter to catch the little man. For an hour I was led through the most intriguing places—down into a lovely little dell, with flowers bordering it on both sides, up and down hills, through chattering, foaming little brooklets, 'til finally I saw in the distance a huge castle rising out of the fog that encircled the bottom half of it.

Suddenly a magnificent white horse appeared before us, and the little man, (he had told me his name was Jean) jumped on it.

"Come," he cried, "I'll race you to the castle."

With that we both took off like a dart, my Glandy making a good match for his horse. It was marvelous to feel the cool keen rush of the air through my hair, and the horse's giant muscles straining beneath me. Finally Jean stopped and together we pranced up to the drawbridge of the castle, our horses all excited from the run. I gazed in astonishment at the sight before me, a huge castle built of marble, with a deep moat all around the outside. It looked much like the castles I had read about in fairy books.

As we crossed the courtyard, Jean gave three sharp blasts on his whistle. Many little men came running out of doorways, and started talking ex-

citedly to the little man in a foreign language, pointing often to me. Suddenly the drawbridge began to go up; I became panicky, for I did not like these men. I turned Glandy towards the drawbridge but it was too late. Then the little men ran towards me, tore me off Glandy's back and dragged me screaming inside. I looked around frantically for Jean but he had disappeared. Inside, I saw ever so many people chained to the side of the wall, almost dead.

Just as they were about to chain me also to the wall I awoke. Perspiration was pouring down my forehead and I glanced quickly around the room. The little dog at the end of my bed rose lazily and then crept up to me. I put my arm around his body and sank wearily into my bed. The moonlight shone through the window, and I thought how lucky I was to be in my own home and not in the dreadful place of my dream.

STEPHANIE HAAS, V A

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A VISIT TO NEVIS

A place of interest I visited this summer was Nevis. Nevis is an island in the West Indies, of about one hundred square miles. It is only a few miles from the rather larger Island of St. Kitts. Nevis was once a prominent English colony where settlers owned many great estates, but their mansions have been dilapidated ruins for many years now. Lord Nelson was married there, in a small chapel which is still standing. Now the majority of the population is Negro. In fact, there are now only nine white families to fifty thousand coloured people.

Nevis is an exceedingly picturesque island, composed mainly of a large volcanic mountain, whose crater is continually surrounded by clouds. The tranquil blue water of the sea washes up upon long wide stretches of dark brown beaches. The island is over-run by wild donkeys which are there for the use of all. Among the beautiful and strange growth of the island the most outstanding is the deadly mashineel tree, whose juice will burn the skin of anyone it touches. The only remedy for this burn is the warm springs which gush freely from the earth.

Truly, Nevis is a lovely island, in its own quaint way.

TERRY ABBOT, V A

A DISAPPOINTING TRIP

"Time to get up, Miss."

A loud knock on my bedroom door made me wake up with a start.

As my waker passed on down the hall his hoarse, "Time to get up," seemed like echoes of my own wakening. With an excited lump in my throat I bounded out of bed in the dim five o'clock light and hurriedly dressed.

My family was staying in a small boarding house in Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, and today was going to be my first tuna fishing trip! How excited I was!

During a hearty breakfast, I eagerly discussed the trip with a woman who had been on the excursion before, but was interrupted by, "Put on more sweaters, dear." Mother pleaded with me, "You really will be frozen."

"But it's not cold out!" I muttered as I reluctantly struggled into a heavy turtle-necked sweater.

By five forty-five my parents, my brother and I were waiting on the wharf with armloads of mackintoshes, rubber trousers, gloves and hats.

"Anyone would think it was mid-winter," I heard a young girl giggle.

"Is this our boat, Dad?" I inquired as I contemplated a rather low-lying fishing boat with a tiny cabin in the bow.

"That's it, Honey," a jolly looking man who was obviously our guide gave me a reassuring arm as I stepped unsteadily from the wharf to the pitching boat.

What a happy sight we four must have been! We were all laughing and in high spirits.

I could not believe it! The motor was now going and we were speeding to Soldier's Rip, where tuna fishing is famous the world over. The faintest signs of dawn were now appearing, and with the salty spray splashing my face, I visualized us a few hours later, when we would triumphantly return with a huge seven hundred pound tuna in our possession!

The friendly guide beckoned me over to him, "See, Honey, this is the bait for the tuna."

I watched, fascinated. He had six mackerel which he was preparing most skilfully. With a small metal tube, he delicately took out their backbones in order to make them seem alive. (Tuna will never eat any dead food). Finally we arrived at the renowned Soldier's Rip Tide where our boat, followed by many others, stopped.

"Isn't this marvellous!" I gasped, as my father was strapped into the massive fishing chair at the stern of the boat.

The six mackerel were attached together with wire and thrown on the end of the polished fishing rod just below the surface of the water. They seemed exactly like six swimming mackerel. Lulled by the never-ending rolling and rocking of the boat, we waited patiently. It was now eight o'clock, and the strong September wind brought with it torrents of rain to shower on our wretched boat, which seemed lost among the menacing waves. We pulled our rain hats down and sat in a miserable heap on the deck, unsheltered from the huge pattering drops of rain. Father, still with a ray of hope, sat in the fishing chair tightly grasping the rod. Roll, roll, rock, rock! I now knew that there was nothing worse than being sea-sick, and I felt as though the end of the world had come.

"Cheer up, Honey." The guide tried to encourage me. "We'll catch one yet!"

"If only we could," I sighed, "it would make up for all this."

The time was passing quickly—twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock.

"We'd better be heading homeward," the captain informed us. "Too bad—no luck."

As our engine headed through the towering waves, I tried to overcome my disappointment, but it was no use. The torrents of rain continued to beat down on the slippery deck, and on our soaked forms. When we arrived at the wharf, the four figures which had been so gay and active eight hours ago, now dismally and silently stepped out of the boat, to remember forever our first tuna-fishing trip.

VICTORIA NESBITT, VI B

SOLITUDE

A lovely lonely Christmas eve
Walking, wading through moon-drenched snow,
The table of Jesus the Holy Babe
Comes sifting through thought sober and low,

The feeling of harmony frightful and awesome
The feeling of lonesomeness in cold stratosphere,
The ultimate spirit whose misty cool solitude
Has blended at once with the dry breath of night.

Stars come remote and as distant as love,
Untouched and unwaning in bright glittering void
of space;
Tumbling like flour in a well sifted bowl
And winking most solemnly to souls far below.

HELGA VON EICKEN, MATRIC

A SPOILED ADVENTURE

There were four of us, Janet, Pat, Dinah, and myself, at boarding school on the south coast of England. It was nearing the end of June and the weather was so unbearably hot that we had decided to go for a midnight swim. We lay in bed excited at the thought of this forthcoming adventure and waiting impatiently for the time to come. The corridors were silent and deserted—the whole school lay asleep. Everything was peaceful and still. Then at last we heard the distant chimes of the grandfather clock striking out the hour of midnight. We crept out of the school and silently padded through the grounds. We hurried past the tennis courts and across the wide open playing fields. There was no moon and the shadows of the trees and bushes were sinister and unfriendly. At last we reached the woods. It was only a short distance now to the high wooden fence that separated the school from the wide open cliffs facing the sea. We crept through the woods reaching the fence safely. I unlocked the door; it creaked eerily through the stillness. Somewhere behind us a twig cracked. Dark shadows seemed to warn us to go no farther. We shivered in our thin bathing suits and pulled our raincoats closer around us. Somewhere an owl hooted knowingly.

Crossing the gray road we hurried along the cliffs. We could see the sea glimmering through the night. Everything was alert and exciting. Then we suddenly heard a footstep behind us on the road.

Dinah turned and whispered frantically, "It's a man! Janet, we're caught. What can we do? Quick, think of something."

Hurriedly we devised a plan. The man was approaching us. Every heavy footstep on the gravel path set our hearts beating faster. I managed to take one hasty glance behind me. He was about seven feet away. His hat was pulled well down over his face and the collar of his thick black coat was turned up around his neck. His gloves were milk white. He was a forbidding figure and we were his terrified victims. Unless—quickly we separated into pairs and started to talk cockney. In this way we hoped that he would not then suspect that we were from the school.

"Me muther don't 'alf give me'eck when oy gets 'ome at noight," Janet began.

We walked faster down the gravel path fearfully stumbling in our haste. The footsteps behind became heavier; they too quickened their pace. Terror gripped our hearts. Maybe he was a murderer or

an escaped lunatic from an asylum. He might even be a thief or a burglar. What could we do to get rid of him? There was deathly silence save for the quick patter of our feet and the striding crunch of his feet gaining on us every second. The night was cold and evil. Every shrub and shadow seemed to mock us. As panic seized us we began to run down the slope towards the sea.

"Hey you! Hey you there! Come here! Why you little brats . . ." His voice was muffled now. We could not hear what he was saying. All we could think of was to run, to get away from this terrible nightmare. Then suddenly—

"Ow! Pat, wait. It's, it's my ankle! I think I must have, ow! . . . sprained it."

Her voice trailed off; pain showed in her face. We stopped breathlessly and went back to Pat. We were all bending over her oblivious of anything else when a hand, a white gloved hand, gripped our shoulders. There was a scream! Then we turned and saw the forbidding figure, the man with his hat pulled well down over his face, and the collar of his thick, black coat turned up around his neck. He was not a murderer, or a lunatic, not even a thief or a burglar. He was a friend, a policeman.

DIANA SMITH, VI B



MY FAVOURITE AUTUMN WALK

Every morning very early I walk along a narrow winding path through the woods, noticing all the beautiful things around me. By my side, a gay bubbling brook twines in and out among magnificent white birch trees. The birds, fluttering overhead, greet me with shrill, merry chirps and trills. Baby squirrels and chipmunks scurry around, looking under leaves and behind trees for sweet nuts to eat. Beautiful blue morning glories sway to and fro in the early autumn breezes. Through the trees, the early rays of the sun gleam, giving everything a faint glow. At the end of the path is one beautiful maple tree standing at the edge of a small, crystal-clear pond. This is where I always sit, looking over the hills of scarlet and brilliant gold. I peacefully think how wonderful Mother Nature is, to create all these tiny living creatures.

DEBORAH TROOP, V A



THE UNWANTED DOG

"Run along now, Johnnie, and mind what I told you," cried Mrs. Taylor to her young son Johnnie. "And dear, don't take that wretched dog along with you. He's bound to cause some trouble."

"Aw, please Maw, he won't do nothin'," replied Johnnie.

Yes; it was too bad that Topsy was such an unwanted dog, wasn't it? It had been the same ever since the poor pup had entered the Taylor household. Mrs. Taylor had always hated dogs. "Chasen' my chickens an' stealen' my food," she would explain, and she hated them even more when her one and only Johnnie had been bitten by "the beasts." Several times she had kicked Topsy down the steep cellar stairs and slammed the door on her. Topsy would always be just the same when she was allowed in the house again, her large brown eyes watching attentively everything that was going on, and always trying her best not to get in Mrs. Taylor's way. It never occurred to Topsy that she might find a nicer home somewhere else, as she loved her young master too dearly ever to leave him alone.

Slamming the door crossly behind her, Mrs. Taylor returned to her housework and Johnnie and Topsy went on their way.

"What a wonderful day to go fishing," thought Johnnie. "We'll have fun, won't we? Eh, Topsy?" he said patting her soft collie hair affectionately.

Soon they reached the little pond. How pretty it looked in the sunlight. Its cool, clear water reflected the mid-day sun, and all around, tiny waterfalls leaped from their rocky precipices. In a little while Johnnie's rod was baited, and, leaning against an old oak, he started his fishing. When Topsy saw that her master was settled and safe, she ran off into the surrounding woods to hunt for woodland creatures.

However, Johnnie soon tired of fishing and wanted to swim. He remembered his mother's warning never to go swimming alone or too soon after a meal, but he was eight years old now and surely that was old enough to go swimming alone. Quickly he threw off his clothes and slowly waded into the water. It was a wonderful feeling to have the whole pond to himself, and not to have anyone telling him not to go too far, not to stay in too long and to keep near the edge. Johnnie was having such a wonderful time that he didn't realize how long he had been in.

Pretty soon Johnnie began to feel tired, but having the whole pond to himself seemed such an op-

portunity that he stayed in still longer. All of a sudden he felt a throbbing pain in his back. He was frightened now, and started to swim to shore, but he could not. Somehow his muscles wouldn't co-ordinate, and he felt himself being pulled slowly down under the water's surface. Feebly he emitted a cry for help, and then, just as if night were closing in, everything went black.

The first thing Johnnie remembered when he regained consciousness was the anxious face of his devoted friend Topsy. Realizing that her master was better, she leaned over and licked his wet face. Yes, Topsy had saved her master's life; she had done a brave deed.

Topsy was, however, far from happy. She was wet and cold, and already the sun was sinking over the western hills. She did not know whether to stay with Johnnie or go home for help. She knew, though, that if she did go home no one would understand her excitement and she would be kicked about and sworn at, so she stayed close by her master.

Soon she heard Mrs. Taylor calling for Johnnie. Joyously she barked back, and soon Mrs. Taylor was running towards the two drenched figures. At first she thought the dog had pushed Johnnie in, but when she observed his carelessly thrown clothes on the ground she understood everything.

Topsy was a real heroine; there was no doubt about that. She is no longer kicked and sworn at, but is allowed all the privileges any other dog enjoys. In fact, she is now an honoured member of the Taylor family.

SANDRA SMITH, VI B

LULL

A perfectly ordinary busy street
In a bustling Canadian town
Red and yellow traffic lights
Winking up and down—
Gaudy blazing Neon sign
And laughter from a bar
Screeching, hissing street-car line
And smell of sticky tar—
Long grey meters line the lane
Of gain and grab and sell—
Tall grey men trudge homeward now
To the beat of Bartholemew's bell—
A handful of darkness envelops the air
To blend with the last pinch of day—
Commerce dies and begin to appear
The townsfolk already at play.

MARY ANN CODE. Matric

THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF MY LIFE

One sunny day in August two years ago, my sister and I found ourselves travelling by car with our mother. She explained to us that she was going to a store to fetch a wicker basket and was going to deliver it for the owner of the store. We arrived at the store and stopped, while Mum went in. A minute later she came out carrying the basket. We went gaily on our way and came presently to a pretty little house nestled close by the lake. Mum stopped, took out the basket, and disappeared into the house. A little later she came out, but she was still carrying the basket. Mum set the basket beside my sister and me and told us that she had been at the wrong house.

Minutes later Sis and I heard a tiny scuffling, squeaking noise coming from the basket and up popped two little paws, as tiny as the noises we had heard. One paw was pure black and the other was all colours.

"Kittens!" we squealed delightedly. "Oh, kittens!"

When we reached home at last, out came the basket for the third time, and into the house it went, but this time it stayed.

JANE DOUGLAS LANE, V A

LA BONNE VIEILLE DAME

"Ah! nous voilà enfin arrivés. Merci," dit une vieille dame en descendant de taxi, après avoir payé le chauffeur. Celui-ci regarde l'argent qu'on lui a placé dans la main, et, voyant que le compte n'y est pas, il court après sa cliente et lui dit: "Madame, je pense que vous vous êtes trompée, parce que vous me devez encore vingt-cinq sous."

La dame, indignée, s'approche de lui et demande: "Qu'est-ce que vous dites, monsieur?"

"Je dis que vous me devez encore vingt-cinq sous," répond l'homme un peu plus fort.

Mais son effort est en vain, car la dame répond: "Vous avez perdu un sou? Mais ce n'est pas si grave que cela."

"Non, non, madame, j'ai seulement dit que vous ne m'aviez donné que vingt sous et qu'il m'en fallait encore vingt-cinq," reprend le chauffeur presque à bout de patience.

"Oh! pendant que j'y pense, ma pauvre Minette n'a pas encore mangé. C'est une si brave chatte. Minette, elle garde la maison pendant que je n'y suis pas. Attendez-donc une minute, je vais lui donner son lait et je reviens. Pauvre Minette!"

Elle entre dans la maison; le pauvre chauffeur ébahi reste sur le pas de la porte et attend patiemment le retour de sa cliente. Une minute plus tard la bonne vieille revient pour lui demander de répéter ce qu'il lui avait dit auparavant.

"Je vous ai seulement demandé vingt-cinq sous," répond-il.

"Parlez donc un peu plus fort, monsieur. Je ne comprends pas. Je suis un peu sourde."

Voyant alors qu'il est inutile de continuer, l'homme prend une pièce de vingt-cinq sous, et, tout en gesticulant, la montre à la vieille dame qui finit par comprendre et lui donner l'argent.

"Pourquoi ne me l'aviez-vous pas dit plus tôt?" dit-elle en rentrant.

Le pauvre homme hausse les épaules et retourne à son auto, riant en lui-même en pensant aux différentes personnes qu'il rencontre au cours d'une journée.

HELEN LEDUC, VI A

DESOBEISSANCE

Ordinairement, je me suis pas superstitieuse, mais chaque fois qu'un vendredi tombe le treize, j'ai peur de me lever de crainte d'avoir un accident semblable à celui qui n'est arrivé voilà deux ans. C'était l'été, et nous venions d'acheter un grand bateau. Moi, j'étais heureuse, car on m'avait permis d'apprendre à le diriger Bientôt, je me figurai que je pouvais très bien le faire aller. Mes parents, eux, doutaient de mon savoir.

Un jour, on me dit que je pourrais me rendre toute seule au village dans le nouveau bateau. C'était la première fois que je sortais seule—jugez donc de ma joie! Naturellement, je n'écoutais pas les conseils de mes parents. Je partis donc, très sûre de moi, et fis aller l'embarcation d'abord très doucement, puis de plus en plus vite—bientôt je filais sur l'eau avec la rapidité d'un éclair. Tout à coup, il y eut un grand fracas, et le bateau s'arrêta. J'étais comme paralysée, tant j'avais peur. Enfin, je regardai par-dessus le bord et vis une bûche énorme contre laquelle le bateau s'était heurté. J'essayai de faire marche arrière, mais en vain. Que faire! Enfin des gens vinrent à mon secours. Soudain, au milieu de ma détresse, je me souvins que ce jour-là était un vendredi treize quelle journée!

Je rentrai chez nous, et, après avoir dit à mes pauvres parents ce qui m'était arrivé, j'allai me cacher dans ma chambre, tant j'avais honte de moi. Maintenant, je sais très bien diriger notre bateau, toutefois je suis encore superstitieuse quant au vendredi treize!

SUSANNE CHESTER, Matric

ESQUIANDO EN EL NORTE DEL CANADA

En el Norte del Canada o sea las partes que llaman las Laurencianas es donde esquian los mas famosos esquiadores.

Tambien esquian chicos, grandes, viejos, jovenes, y a todos les gusta mucho pero siendo que yo soy, de las tierras calientes, me da frio muy lijero y no me gusta quedarme afuera por mucho tiempo.

Esquiar es el deporte mas popular del invierno. Pues los que saben se suben las montanas altisimas y desde alla arriba bajan a toda velocidad haciendo medias vueltas, primero de un lado y despues del otro. Eso si que yo no me atrevo a hacer.

En el Norte del Canada es donde todos los aficionados al esqui pasan la temporada mas agradable del ano.

RAQUEL CARIDI, VI B

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MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES FOR SALE

"Morning Sarie," whispered the pretty little salesgirl behind the glove counter, "you're late again but Mr. Gallagher is late too, so you don't have to worry."

She giggled and turned to serve a customer.

I hurried across the aisle and slid behind my counter just in time to serve a customer, who had, as Janie said later at lunch, hung around from the very time the store opened. My counter was the notions counter and for all its simplicity I had grown to love the little nook enclosed by a circular counter with numerous useful and useless little gadgets. There was a big card-board sign standing on the counter which said, "Miscellaneous Articles For Sale." Underneath the counter there were cupboards with sliding doors. The extra stock was kept in there because on busy mornings I frequently ran out of needles or some such thing.

"It's going to be a busy day," called Millie from her glove counter. "Did I tell you that Henry bought a . . . oh, certainly madam, the green or the brown pair?"

I turned away and began arranging the articles on my counter. I was looking at a sweet little embroidered needle case, when there was a pounding the other side of the counter.

"Service please, I'm in a terrible hurry. Oh dear, I can't find my glasses. Now I want two spools of

white silk thread. Thank you. Are you sure that's silk? I can't see a thing without my glasses. I have no smaller change than that."

I scurried around to my cash drawer and took out the change for the crisp new ten dollar bill. I hardly had time to put the change into her hand before she grabbed her parcel and ran through the store calling for a taxi. Maybe if I had been slow enough she would have forgotten the change. Millie was always saying I was too fast and sure of myself.

"Could I pleath have an elathtic band? I only have a penny."

"Here, take two, and keep your penny. It might come in handy some day when you are a grown up man."

I handed him a red and a green elastic band, which he clutched in his little hand and toddled away in search of his mother.

"Cute, eh? "called Milly," What I wouldn't give for a head o'blond hair like that."

After two hours of steady streams of customers I began to feel very tired and hungry. I closed shop and went to see if Milly was ready. As it was a lovely summer's day we packed a little lunch and ate it in a shady old park.

"Gosh, Milly," I said, as we were eating in the park, "I wouldn't trade my counter for anything. At your counter the prices are too high for just anyone to buy, but at mine, everyone can come and browse."

JUDY ST. GEORGE, VI B

—o—

EVENING MOOD

Sounds are loose and lazy lately
As they lapse from humble dwellings—
Laughter, shouts and babies' noises,
Winter moon in empty doorways
Watches cats play in among them.
Laundries flapping flat and idle
Whipping wind makes humans of them
Leaves them now to shake the shutters—
Fills the house with coughing cold.
Smoke surrounds each tiny cottage
Catches in its hoary hair
Like the morning glory climbing
It dissolves and threads away.

HELGA VON EICKEN, MATRIC

LE TRESOR DE LONGCHAMP

La plage est un excellent endroit pour s'amuser par une chaude journée d'été. Les enfants aiment beaucoup à jouer sur le sable et à se baigner dans l'océan.

Jacqueline et Marie étaient deux petites filles de onze ans qui passaient souvent l'après-midi sur la plage. Un jour, alors qu'elles se promenaient le long de la côte, Jacqueline s'arrêta soudain et dit à Marie, "Marie, regarde cette bouteille qui flotte à la surface des vagues. Essayons de l'attraper."

"Ah! Oui," répondit Marie, "vite, avant qu'elle n'aille trop loin."

Les deux enfants se mirent à courir dans l'eau aussi vite que possible.

"Je l'ai," dit Jacqueline très heureuse. "Oh! Regarde. Il y a quelque chose dedans. Cela ressemble à un morceau de papier." A la surprise et à la joie des fillettes, il y avait en effet dans la bouteille une feuille de papier sur laquelle étaient écrits ces mots: "Si vous suivez le plan ci-dessous vous trouverez un merveilleux trésor. Le Trésor de Longchamp."

"Dépêchons-nous, suivons la carte," cria Marie.

Les deux petites filles se mirent en route ne sachant pas si elles trouveraient le fameux trésor. Elles suivirent les instructions données, et, après avoir traversé des bois et un pont, elles arrivèrent à la ville voisine—la ville de Longchamp!

Là, elles passèrent dans de nombreuses rues et finirent par arriver à l'endroit indiqué sur la carte.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" s'écria Jacqueline, "je ne vois pas bien où l'on puisse trouver un trésor ici."

"Ni moi non plus, peut-être que nous avons fait fausse route . . ."

"Peut-être que oui, mais je ne crois pas."

Les deux enfants étaient là à regarder autour d'elles quand, soudain, Jacqueline éclata de rire. "Regarde," s'écria-t-elle, "Regarde. Voilà notre trésor. C'est la nouvelle pâtisserie qui vient de s'ouvrir. Elle s'appelle: "Le Trésor de Longchamp," quelle drôle de plaisanterie!"

B. KERR
E. SMITH, V A



RHYTHM

The busy drum of cities, far away from strident,
warlike sounds
The rush from motion of the body
And noise of tongues repeating things.
Freedom is here but its restrictive ways are felt
In the stream of steady traffic
Beating like the heart of some efficient pulsing
motor
And throbbing to the rhythm of all cold insensate
industry
Mechanical and rhythmical,
Well ordered and most natural,
But death and strife will triumph
In a world so full of greed

HELGA VON EICKEN, *Matric*

UN ACCIDENT

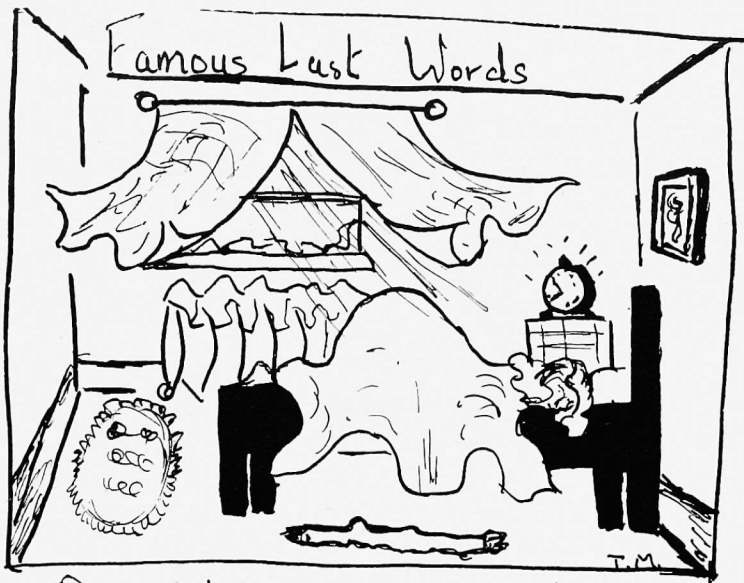
C'était le 12 août, le jour des courses à Vernam Field. Naturellement, toute la population de la Jamaïque s'y rendait, aussi les chemins étaient-ils encombrés de toutes sortes de véhicules: autos, camions, bicyclettes, motocyclettes—il y avait même jusqu'à des patinettes! Tous allaient dans la même direction: le champ de courses, à Vernam Field. Comme c'était un jour de fête, les gens ne se plaignaient pas de la lenteur du trafic, chose très rare dans un pays où tout le monde adore aller vite et conduit toujours à toute allure.

Nous nous trouvions non loin d'un passage à niveau, et devant nous il y avait bien treize ou quatorze camions pleins de gens portant des vêtements aux couleurs vives, quand soudain retentit le sifflet d'un train qui se rendait aussi à Vernam Field.

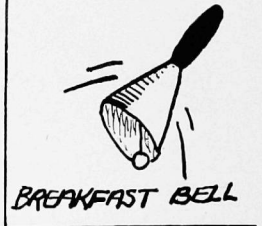
Tout le monde dans les camions se connaissait, aussi se lançait-on des plaisanteries chaque fois qu'une voiture en dépassait une autre. Personne ne semblait faire attention au train. A un moment, je vis qu'un camion avait déjà traversé la voie ferrée et qu'un autre allait le suivre, bien que le train se rapprochât de plus en plus du passage à niveau. Soudain, le train passa comme un éclair, entraînant le camion à une vitesse incroyable. Les minutes qui suivirent furent un véritable cauchemar. Enfin, le train s'arrêta, et on n'entendit plus que des gémissements et des craquements. Tous les occupants du camion furent tués, sauf la personne qui le conduisait, mais il n'y eut aucune victime dans le train.

Ce fut un bien triste jour de fête pour tous ceux qui avaient été témoins de l'accident.

GEORGIE HEBDEN, *Matric*



Open the Window wider—
It won't be cold in the Morning



HOW WE GOT TO BREAKFAST

(With sincere apologies to Browning and Miss Keyzer)

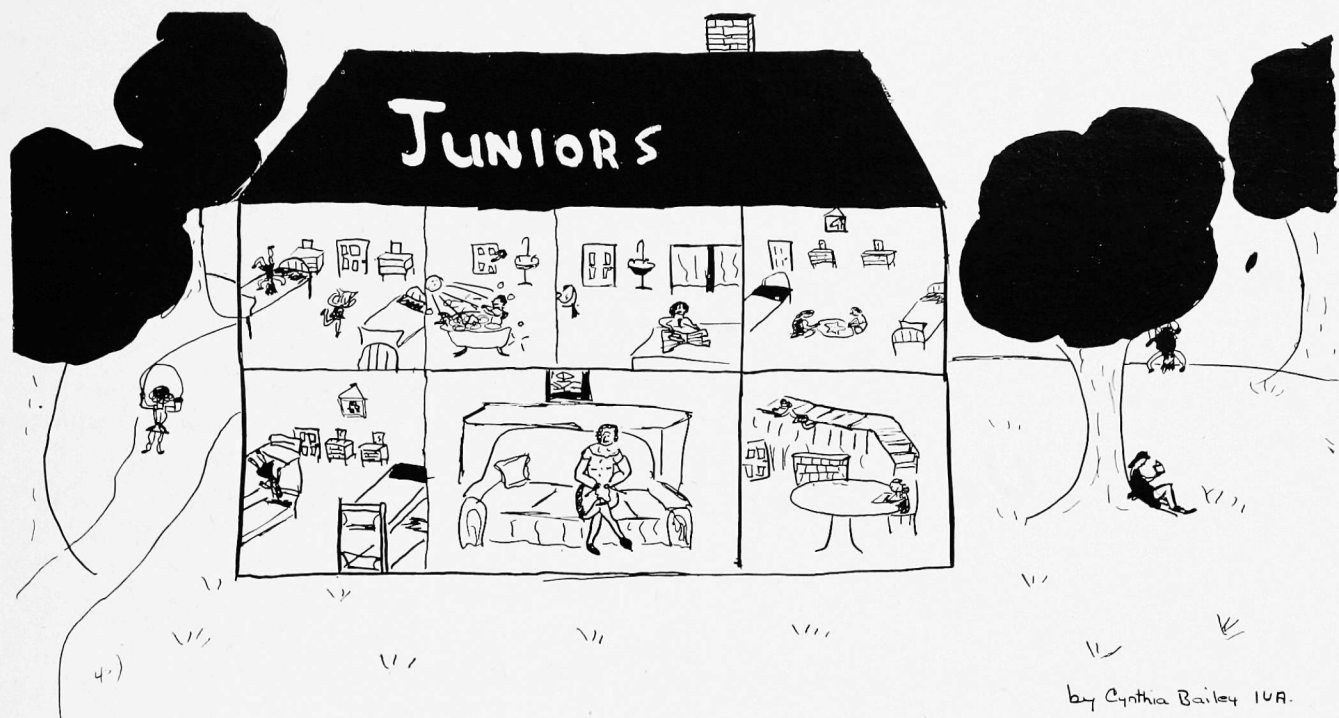
The bell clanged—I jumped (and some others did too)
I raced and they raced (for 'twas something quite new)
"Good speed"—Cried our friends as we jumped out of bed
"Speed"—echoed the halls as we dashed still half dead
To first the dark bathrooms our faces to wash (?)
(We had to run—we were late, by gosh)

Not a word to each other we kept the quick pace,
Buttoning shirts, tying ties so to win this great race.
I glanced all around me—my shoes weren't in sight!
Looked under the bed then remembered aright,
Confiscation had found them the day before—
No shoes to put on—only one minute more!

'Twas late when we started, and as we drew near
The dining-room door, we could certainly hear
Miss Keyzer still doling out those minus threes.
—I swear to this day I felt weak in the knees.
She glared at me quaking—but with doubtful concern
('Twas my first time late and she hoped that I'd learn.)

I can still well remember her frightening glance
Which then sent us all into rather a trance
But didn't quite cure me—as you will soon see
For still I am getting that dread "minus three."
My shoes?—Why—they're still inside confiscation
And likely will be for the term's duration!

JUDY TAYLOR, VI A



THE COTTAGE

The Cottage this year is not what I call full of quiet mice. Our cottage is white with green trimmings and has an upstairs and downstairs. Downstairs there are two rooms, one called the "Baby Room," the other the "Bunk Room." All of the rooms are done up in brightly coloured wallpaper. This year we have for our matrons Mrs. Gibb and her daughter, Miss Gibb. They have come all the way from Scotland.

We all thank them from the bottom of our hearts for making this year one of the happiest we have ever had. It must have been an awfully hard task to look after all of us, especially the two jumping beans, Wendy Watson and Maida Lowe, and the youngest of our crew, Virginia Echols. Debby Powell is our famous skater. Jareth Taylor is our famous pianist. Elaine Audet laughs at the queerest jokes, while Patty Elvidge is the one who always tries to make jokes and often succeeds. Wendy and Robin Smith are two sisters. Robin is plump, but her sister is slender. If you can't find Wendy look on the monkey bars in our playground; she will surely be there. Cynthia Bailey is usually on the monkey bars too, trying so hard to do tricks and be as active as a monkey. Jane Mitchell and Beverley Rooney are always playing together, but sometimes they get into the odd fight which doesn't last very long. After a few minutes they cannot keep a straight

face. Janet Smith, Elizabeth Echols, (Virginia Echols' sister) Anne Henderson, and Susan Huycke are the four V B's of the cottage. Every term they wish for the eight words, "You are moved over to the big school." But their wish has not yet come true. Elise Menashé is from South America and is a wonderful ballet dancer. Merril Rudel is an athlete and is a good skier. Susan Southby is from Pembroke, Ontario, and she is always talking about her brother, James. As for myself, the author, well I won't discuss her.

I should like to thank the matrons for truly making this year one of the best, and one we shall always remember.

JOANNE MILLAR, IV A

—o—

OUR SCOTTISH DANCING

Every Friday night Miss Gibb and Miss Broadbent come to teach us some dances from Miss Gibb's own country, which is very nice. Miss Broadbent plays the piano. We learn different kinds of dances such as, "The Eights Reel," "The Dashing White Sergeant," and others.

I would like to thank Miss Gibb and Miss Broadbent very much for their lovely entertainment every Friday night.

ROBIN SMITH, IV A

LA CAMPAGNE

J'adore la campagne, et je suis bien contente d'y demeurer. J'aime explorer les bois et les champs et j'aime aussi aller dans les fermes où j'ai fait beaucoup d'amis parmi les cultivateurs. Mon animal favori est le cheval, mais je préférerais posséder un chien.

En Suisse, il y a beaucoup de fermes. En été, les gens envoient leur bétail dans les hauts pâturages dans les Alpes. Il y a aussi de bonnes fermes en Angleterre et en France.

J'aime beaucoup plus la campagne que la ville et j'espère que je ne devrai jamais aller vivre dans une grande cité.

CELIA HARVERSON, IV A

SUMMER AWAKES

Summer awakes in one short week,
And through the grass the flowers peek.
Flowers of many colors such as white
When the sun will be shining bright.
If you look you will find
Flowers of every different kind
Flowers in a garden, flowers near a brook,
That's where you'll find them if you look.

JOANNE MILLAR, IV A

MON CHAT

J'ai un chat. Il est noir au cou blanc. Il a trois ans. Il joue avec le chat des voisins. Il aime beaucoup s'amuser avec un peloton de laine, qu'il emmêle toujours. Il a de gros yeux verts, qui brillent la nuit. Il adore se coucher au soleil. Il déteste les gros chiens. Mon chat est un petit diable, mais je l'aime beaucoup.

PAT ELVIDGE, IV A



MY WISH

My wish has never come true, but I'm still not going to give up wishing it, because it seems to me that it's going to come true some day. I don't really know what makes me think it, but maybe as you read through this composition you will understand.

My wish has always been to get a pony of my own. What amazes me is that every Christmas night I dream the same thing, and here it is. I dream that nothing is under the tree for me. Then my father says to go down to the barn, so I go. I see a little grey Welsh pony about fourteen hands high, with a ribbon around his neck and a card saying, "Merry Christmas, Jane, from the family."

I really think that would be a very lovely Christmas present, don't you agree? I would be so happy if it really came true, although it really is asking a lot.

JANE MITCHELL, IV A

JEANNE, THE PET DOG

It was early July when I arrived at the Simpson's cottage outside Chicago. My hostess greeted me warmly, and so did their little pet dog.

"I hope little Jeanne does not bother you," Mrs. Simpson said. "She has such a fancy for blue clothes, you know."

"I am sure she won't," I said and went to my room to change for dinner.

After dinner we all sat on the veranda outside the house, and started to talk about my trip when little Jeanne came in and started biting my leg. Mrs. Simpson saw her and said, "How dare you, Jeanne, bite anybody. Go to that corner and lie down. Good dog, bad dog, good Jeanne."

We were continuing our talk, when Jeanne got up again and started to bite my other leg.

"Jeanne! Jeanne!" called Mrs. Simpson. "How dare you? Go to the kitchen and stay there, you bad dog! I am so sorry. I think it is your shoes. I do hope she hasn't torn your stockings."

"Oh, no," I said, "it's nothing—only a slight tear; that's all."

When I went to bed, Mrs. Simpson came in and said, "By the way don't mind if Jeanne comes into your room at night. She simply loves to run around the house at night, and often sleeps on this bed."

"All right," I said cheerfully; "I'll look after her."

I went to sleep that night wondering if Jeanne would come or not, and thinking of all the fun I should have the next day.

ELISE MENASCHE, V B

A STORY OF THE WEST

As you know, the West is a place for wild horses and cowboys. This is a story of a man and his son. Their names were Mr. Carter and John. One day not very far from John's birthday, Mr. Carter, (whose nickname was Jib,) and John went out for a hunt to catch foxes, but on the way they came upon some wild horses feeding.

"John," said his father, "go and get one of them and bring him back."

"But Father, how can I do that? They will start bucking and throw me off."

"Oh now don't worry, son, if he does that try to cling on hard to his mane."

So John went out and crept up on one of the ponies which was brown and white. As John thought, he started running, but John managed to stay on. And John came to his father, his captive with him; it was going to be his horse for ever.

ROBIN SMITH, IV A

"NO SOLUTION"

She fell back terrified as she opened the door. There lay the body of a dead man. She screamed and ran for her bedroom. The door was locked! She ran to the telephone. The line was cut! From her bedroom came the sounds of giggling. Then the bedroom door opened and her small nephew, Tommy, came out, looked at the dead body, and fell to the ground. She turned frantically and wondered what to do next. Suddenly she looked at Tommy and found him shaking. She lifted him and saw he was laughing. Then she looked again at the dead body, and thought that it was too brightly coloured. She gathered up all her courage and touched it. It felt cold and clammy, but very unreal. Hearing more giggling, she began to feel suspicious. Then she realized that it was just a wax image and it was just a Hallowe'en prank!

ANNE HENDERSON, V B

SPRING

Spring is a lovely time of year
When all the flowers and buds appear
When the snow begins to go away
And the birds come back from
The south to stay.
Every day their songs we hear;
Spring is a lovely time of year.

ROBIN SMITH, IV A

THE WOODSMAN

He was tall, dark, and well built. His eyes were a deep shade of blue and his nose tremendously big and red with a giant size wart on the end of it. His mouth was large, and inside it was an excellent set of teeth. A red dotted scarf was wrapped around his thick neck and the collar of his red checked jacket was well pulled over the scarf. He had on big thick leather mitts which were rather tattered and torn. His old dirty jeans held up by a frayed leather belt, were turned up and spotted with dirty green paint. Blue diamond socks were pulled up over his sturdy red legs with heavy black leather boots practically covering the socks. On the bottom of the boots were many steel spikes as on golf shoes. A rugged leather lace was carried through the loop-holes in his boots and then tied with a huge bow. Covering his head was an old leather hat with a purple ribbon around the edge. He is a Northern Ontario woodsman we see very summer.

SUSAN HUYCKE, V B



Staff Directory

Gillard, Miss A. E., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Broadbent, Miss M., Dundas, Ont.
Cailteux, Mlle. O., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Colman, Miss J. G., 4866 Wilson Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
Dumont, Mlle. A. A. D., Box 219, Campbellton, N.B.
Dunwoody, Miss C. M., 147 William St., Cowansville, P.Q.
Elliott, Mrs. G., Sawyerville, P.Q.
Gibb, Miss A. G., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Gibb, Mrs. M. S., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Harverson, Mrs. H. H., "Littlefield," Compton, P.Q.
Hughes, Miss H., 614 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.
Jenkins, Miss H., "Littlewood," Keppoch, P.E.I.
Keyzer, Miss G., 292 Humphrey St., Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.
Keith, Miss V., Havelock, N.B.
Lamprecht, Mrs. G., 4455 Montrose Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Macdonald, Miss A., Port Hastings, N.S.
Macdonald, Miss S. E. G., R.R. 2, Annapolis Royal, N.S.
MacLennan, Miss F. A., 3 Dalhousie St., Halifax, N.S.
Morris, Miss M., Box 332, 5 Gibson Ave., Grimsby, Ont.
Ramsay, Miss J. S., 329 George St., Fredericton, N.B.
Robertson, Miss M., Como, P.Q.
Wallace, Miss D. E., Box 41, Warden, P.Q.

K. H. C. O. G. A.

LETTER FROM SUMATRA

The trip to Sumatra is arduous, but quite short considering the distance covered. About five days out of New York or Montreal by air,—through Amsterdam, Cyprus, Damascus, Baghdad, Bombay and Ceylon or Bankok to Singapore. Then a quick flight almost due south to Palembang, the capital of South Sumatra.

Palembang is on the Musi River—about two hundred miles inland—across which is Sungri Gerong, the refinery and the tanker port.

We ferry across the Musi in the car, and start the worst part of the trip, about a hundred miles of deplorable roads (almost always in the heat of the day) half of which are badly paved and all of which are narrow and twisty—sometimes flooded and often muddy. Our “mud” is solid clay, well soaked in the rainy season, and often newly oiled. (The oil is supposed to pack the dry clay and make a sort of hard surface—which it does—until the rain and heavy traffic get at it).

Another ferry—the company one—is powered by two barefooted boys walking the cable and pushing the boat. Now we're on home territory and the roads are immensely improved. Only thirty miles to go! We point and cry out “There's the golf club!” and “There's the church!” and then we're Home, covered with orange-coloured dust, sticky and very tired, but home.

You'd call it Pendopo. They say it's in the jungle—it is in the Field—and it's a fairly typical Oil Field Camp.

The language “barrier” has been partly overcome by foreigners speaking Low Malay for daily intercourse—with the natives (and also the natives of the Malay peninsula) and it is often handy when conversing with the Dutch who don't speak English (These are rather rare).

The Sudonesians speak any one of about thirty-seven dialects—sometimes two or three. Javanese and Balinese are two you've probably heard of—but Ulunese, Sundanese, and Ambonese are every bit as common. Higher caste people speak the “low” form of the dialect to people of lower caste; the low caste answer in the “high” form. Two people of the middle class speak a “middle” form, etc. Very complicated for the uninitiated.

The government is trying to change all this by making one official language—Bahasa Sudonesia,—but so far it's pretty useless as so few know it as yet.

Our houses are fairly alike—white with gray trim—with lots of “windows” often eight feet high by eight to fifteen feet wide and are screened. The bedroom windows are smaller but have shutters to keep out the rain. There is nothing like them for sound-proofing and privacy—provided you like gold fish bowls. Some are more fortunate than others in the placing of large flowering shrubs or trees—mainly gardenia, bougainvillia, hibiscus, etc. We are the proud possessors of two Betel-nut palms as door-posts—but the front part is too high to be decorative, and we certainly haven't been here long enough to consider them useful. There is a great variety of flowering trees in camp. They don't all flower at the same time, and I've not found out their names as yet, not that I'd be much wiser if I did. One looks rather like a huge maple, but sprouting lilacs all over; another is the “flamboyante,” a striking sight.

The men are kept busy in the office or out in the field (up to ninety kilometres in any direction) from 7 a.m. till 3.30 p.m., coming home for lunch at noon. After 3.30 we play golf—there is a lovely nine hole course—or tennis or swim. Women have to occupy themselves as best they may.

Bridge, coffee, perhaps a special cake to bake, and sewing occupy most people. We make and line all our own curtains, bedspreads, lampshades, and sometimes slipcovers. When these are finished, you either are moved to another camp and have it all to do over again, or you just make clothing for your family.

Dinner parties are fairly common—often with dancing afterwards—and all in the home. The fact is—there's no place else to go. To make up for this the community has two movies a week (African Queen last week!), a monthly bridge drive, monthly Bingo, a Dramatic Club, Christmas choir and pageant (in season), golf tournaments, tennis tournaments (3 courts in camp), soccer, volleyball, classical concerts (by gramophone), a photography club complete with well-equipped dark room, and three large dances a year, one of which is a costume

ball. There is also a lending library, well stocked with English and Dutch books, periodicals, and dress-making patterns.

The "community" consists of about twelve North American families, eight times as many Dutch and three French bachelors. Some of these people have been here for twenty or more years. Every three years we get six months furlough at home and sometimes three extra months for schooling.

Food. The company used to run a "toko" or store, but recently gave it up to a Chinese contractor. We get a great deal of canned food from many countries, but all the fresh vegetables are local, also fish. The meat comes from Bali or Australia or it is local. Mainly beef and pork. Sometimes one gets a gift of deer meat or wild pig from a hunter. Butter, cheese and milk all come out of a can. The babies all thrive on a revolting looking mess called "nasi-tim," which I highly recommend. Into a double boiler put a bit, piece or leaf of every vegetable you happen to have on hand. Add a little rice and enough water for the rice to absorb—cook it for half a day and put it through a sieve. All the vitamins, minerals, etc., of at least eight vegetables—and meat added at a later age. The older the child, the coarser the sieve! No fuss, no bother and a constant taste change.

Most people have two or three servants, sometimes four, Cook, Boy, Laundress, and "Nursemaid." Dishwashing, bedmaking, floor-waxing, laundry and ironing are all dim memories out here—and quite a shock when one goes home on furlough, I don't doubt.

I'd love to tell you about the wayang (puppet theatre) and weddings and batik work or about the tigers, elephants and pythons but space does not permit. Perhaps when I get home and if anyone is interested

MARY CLAIRE ROMAN, Matric '38-'39.



Dear Girls:

I have been asked to write a short description of my work for your magazine.

I am an electroencephalograph technician at the Children's Memorial Hospital in Montreal. That is, I take electroencephalograms on children, but for convenience we generally call them E.E.G.'s.

This is a test to discover what is happening in an electrical way, in the children's heads, and has nothing to do with intelligence. It is done to find out if there are any brain abnormalities, and if so what kind, and where.

It is really quite a simple test which does not hurt the children, although it takes an hour and a half to do. The machinery is quite impressive, however, and I think to some extent frightens them; but it can be used to the other purpose of fascinating them. All that we do is to measure the heads in every direction, clean them and then glue on wires. We measure the heads because the head has been divided into separate parts and each part has to be covered, with the wires divided symmetrically on both sides. The end result looks as if the child were having a permant wave. We then have the child lie still and record his cerebral electrical activity, which is transmitted by these wires to a machine. During the recording we have the child open and close his eyes, and hyperventilate if possible. When we finish the record, the child has its head cleaned to the best of our ability and goes home. The doctor in charge of the department reads the record.

We do these tests for a great many reasons but the main purpose is to study epilepsy, brain tumors, abscesses or hematomas. If a child has epilepsy we want to know what kind it is and how well the child is controlled by medication. We also do E.E.G.'s on children with the following disorders: cerebral palsy, febrile convulsions, birth trauma, or anoxia, encephalitis, diabetes mellitus, poliomyelitis, mental retardation, reading disability, temper tantrums, abdominal pain, rheumatic fever, chorea, T.B. meningitis, nephrosis, headaches, and deafness, to name only a few.

Most of the E.E.G. technicians in this city are trained at the Montreal Neurological Institute; the training is a most interesting experience. There is a certain amount of routine connected with a job of this sort. This is offset by the fact that in dealing with children one never really knows what to expect and sometimes the handling of a patient can be difficult.

There are several different hospitals one can work in but I find working with children is enjoyable and it is gratifying to feel that one is a very small part of a team to help these children to lead normal lives.

JANIE ROBB, 1944-46

Engagements

Anne Hodgins is engaged to be married in June, to Douglas Mackay.

Cynthia Hands to Herbert Lewis.

Nancy Kennedy is engaged to be married May 30, to Allan Finley.

Nancy Baldwin is engaged to be married in June to Roger Faber Prescott Jun; of Keeseville, N.Y.

Jill Foster is engaged to be married June 12, to Roderick Leinster Henry.

Peggy Beattie is engaged to be married May 23, to Alan Murphy.

Joan Donald is engaged to be married September 5th. to Bill Sinclair.

Geoghan Greening to Ted Hendry.

Marriages

Elaine Knutson of Lennoxville, P.Q., was married August 11, 1951, to Mr. Enagattollah Baygan of Teheran, Iran.

Joan Mackay to David Mackenzie on September 12, 1953. They are living in Montreal.

Anne Pangman to Tyler Spafford in December 1952. They are living in Montreal.

Marita Hope to Bill Morrow on June 7, 1952.

Meriel MacLean to Baron Philippe de Posson of Bruxelles, Belgium, Address: 116 Ave., de Broqueville, Bruxelles, Belgium. On January 24, in Montreal.

Martha Morgan to Thomas McKenna, October 4, 1952.

Lucinda Vaughan to Terence Flood on May 28, 1952.

Anne Cornelius to John Douglas Woodward in 1952.

Katherine Ann Notman in November 1952, to John Fetherstonhaugh.

Pat Gruchy to Donald Mutch, April 6, 1953.

Daphne Pangman to Ian Erskine Buchanan in the Fall 1952.

Margaret E. Shipman to Robert E. Jones on August 30, 1952. They are living in Sherbrooke.

Caroline E. Giles to Frederick Graham Wilmot.

Jane Wilson to Renfrew L. Robertson-Taylor on June 28, 1952.

Eve Ellwood to Harold Cauldwill Corrigan in the Spring of 1952.

Audrey Robinson to Neil McGowan Shaw in the Spring of 1952.

Shirley Johnson to Charles Brown in February, 1953.

Anne Bourget to Thomas John Luby, Jr., in Thurso, P.Q., on October 4, 1952.

Robin Bocoek to David Le Baron in Johannesburg, South Africa, this Spring.

Martha Fulford to Dr. Irwin Scott Disher.

Rahno Aitken to Captain W. O. Taylor, R.C. O.C., in January, 1952.

Sheena Mackintosh to Ruairaidh Hilleary in Horsham.

Lou Donald to Bill Bermingham in the Spring of 1952.

Births

Mrs. Louis Cochand (Morna MacLean) sixth and last child! A girl, Antoinette, on August 2, 1952.

Mrs. Alfred E. Beck (nee Anne Morgan) on December 15, 1952. A girl, Barbara Joan.

Mrs. G. O. G. Thomson (nee Barbara Robb) on February 16, 1953. A daughter, Lucinda Anne, in Hamilton.

Mrs. William Morrow (nee Marita Hope) a son, April 2, 1953. In Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. Kenneth Eaton (Ruth Neald) May 27, 1952 at Three Rivers, a daughter, Joan Elizabeth.

Mrs. James Paterson (Rosalie Anne Ballantyne) a daughter, Alexandra Diane on April 28, 1952.

Mrs. L. Warnell (Marlyn Rutley) a daughter, April 1952.

Mrs. Josiah Norris (Rosalind Duffield) a daughter in August 1952.

Mrs. Raymond Parsons (Sheila Elder) a daughter on April 22, 1953.

Mrs. Patrick McG. Stoker (Shirley Harrison) 10 January, a son.

Mrs. Peter J. Aird (Alice Ross) on November 9, 1952, a daughter.

Mrs. Maarten von Hengel (Dru Riley) a son January 3, 1953.

Mrs. Gordon R. Westphal (nee Anne MacLaren) on April 25, a daughter.

Mrs. John Tryon (nee Priscilla Anne Jackes) on March 28, a daughter.

Mrs. Roger Hutchins (nee Pat Orr) a second daughter, March 1953.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilson (nee Kathleen Payan) on April 24, 1953, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Weidgenant (nee Joyce Carr) on May 1, 1953 a daughter.

News Items

Mrs. Jack Williams (Amy Fowler) is now living in Vancouver.

Elizabeth Abbott is working for the Department of External Affairs in New York.

Jean Dodds is finishing a teacher's course at MacDonald College.

Mrs. John Henderson (Roma Dodds) is living in Quetta, Pakistan. Her husband is working on a million dollar contract under the Colombo Plan.

Kitty Evans is taking a secretarial course in Kingston.

Naomi Smith graduates from Bishop's University this Spring.

Deirdre Molson is at Smith College.

Willa Ogilvie is at the Montreal Art Gallery.

Joan Robb is in her second year of Nursing at the Montreal General.

Barbara Dawes is in her second year of Nursing at the Royal Victoria.

Mary Ellen MacDermid is in her second year at Queen's University.

Cynthia Roberts is in second year Science at McGill University.

Joan Coutu is in third year Phys-Ed at McGill.

Joan Frewin is a technician at the Montreal General Hospital.

Jane Gordon is living in Nassau.

Joy Harvey is in first year Physio and Occupational Therapy at McGill.

Buntly Mavor is taking a secretarial course in Toronto.

Valerie Meyer is in Arts at McGill.

Claire Oaks is in third year at Oberlin College in Ohio.

Nancy Pollock is at Sir George Williams.

June Thompson is in third year Phys-Ed at McGill.

Betty Lou Van Buskirk is in third year Commerce at McGill.

Mary Fayre Tremain is in Physiotherapy at McGill.

Linda Ballantyne is working with the C.B.C. in Montreal.

Joan Foster is working as a dental assistant in Montreal.

Mary Jane Hutchison will graduate from the Royal Victoria Hospital School of Nursing this Fall.

Nancy Riley is in third year Arts at McGill.

Cynthia Scott graduates in Fine Arts at McGill this Spring.

Ann Trenholme will graduate from the Royal Victoria Hospital School of Nursing this Fall.

Priscilla Wanklyn is attending the University of British Columbia.

Norma Wight is working with the Aluminum Company in Montreal.

Marilyn Wong will graduate in Arts from McGill this Spring.

Ann Lindsay is attending McGill University.

Shirley Fellows is teaching Textile Designing at the Montreal Art Gallery.

Dianna Kingsmill will graduate this Spring in Science from McGill.

Mrs. Reed Johnston (Josette LaCaille), Mrs. Louis Cochand (Morna MacLean) and Katie Molson all started skeet shooting this year. Possible five girl (King's Hall) Skeet Team for the Province of Quebec in a couple of years if they get two more shots.

Josette Cochand (Morna MacLean's daughter) is going to King's Hall in September.

Mrs. Robert Simms Parker (nee Nancy Logan) now lives in Dayton, Ohio, and has two children, Jennifer Simms, born January 2, 1949 and Stephen Logan, born August 3, 1951.

Judy Lindsey is working for a dentist in Marblehead, Mass.

Christina McKeen has graduated from Katherine Gibbs Business School.

Sheila McEachran is in third year Arts at McGill.

Joy Paton is married and has a child.

Cynthia Roberts is attending McGill University.

Andrea Russel graduates in Fine Arts from McGill this Spring.

Margaret Newton is with the Department of External Affairs in Germany.

Flora Baptist is with the Red Cross in Japan.

Mimi Hartman is at the American Embassy in Rome.

Financial Statement

KING'S HALL COMPTON OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements for the year ended February 28th, 1953

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Cash in bank, February 29th, 1952.....	\$1,032.82	Stationery, stamps and printing.....	\$ 61.03
Annual Membership fees... \$ 393.00		Teas and luncheons.....	123.60
Receipts — teas and luncheons.....	88.93	Magazines—two years' subscriptions.....	277.50
Bank interest.....	11.95	Travelling expenses.....	29.00
Bond interest.....	48.00	Sundry expense.....	13.45
	541.88	Balance of loan, King's Hall Inc.....	179.52
		Cash in bank, February 28th, 1953.....	890.60
	<u>\$1,574.70</u>		<u>\$1,574.70</u>

CAMPBELL, GLENDENING AND DEVER,
*Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.*

Bond interest held by King's
Hall Inc..... \$ 48.00

Exchanges

LEEDS GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Leeds, England.
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ontario.
EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
LUDEMAS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, P.Q.
THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, P.Q.
THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
THE PIBROCH: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.
THE MITRE: University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.
THE HELICONIAN: Moulton College, Toronto, Ont.
SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
THE GROVE CHRONICLE: Lakefield, Ont.
THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

School Directory

- Abbot, Terry, "Baywinds", Devonshire, Bermuda.
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 Alston, Mary, 169 Bromley Avenue, Moncton, N.B.
 Anderson, Heather, 430 Mt. Stephen Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 Audet, Elaine, 6 Veterans Blvd., Lake Megantic, P.Q.
 Bailey, Cynthia, 4870 Cote des Neiges, Montreal, P.Q.
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 Balachey, Rae, 11—3rd. Ave., Noranda, P.Q.
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 Bogert, Saundray, Georgeville Road, Magog, P.Q.
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 Douglas Lane, Sheila, 31 Cedar Ave., Point Claire, P.Q.
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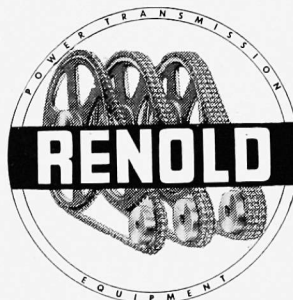
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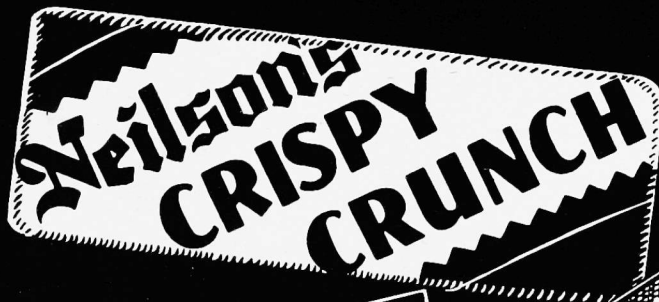
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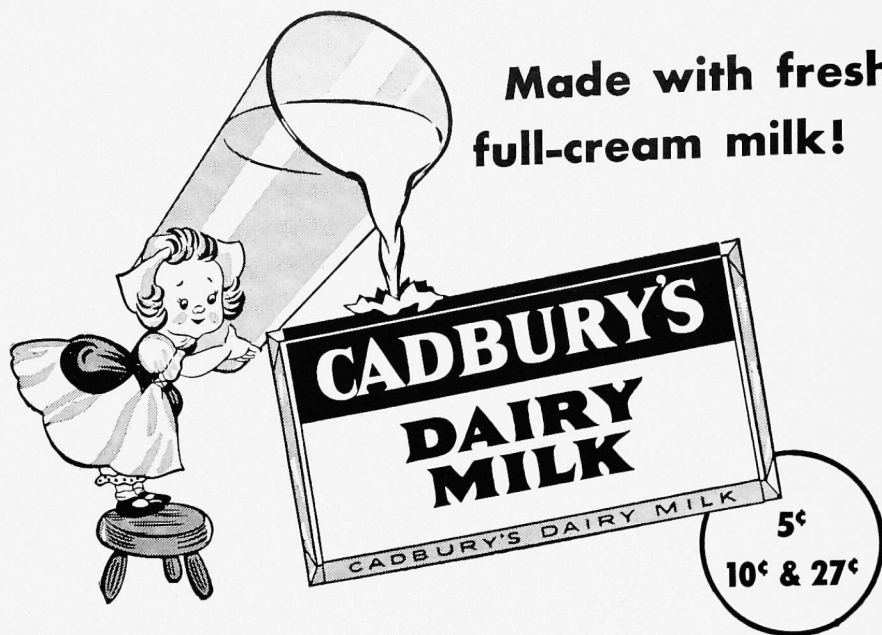
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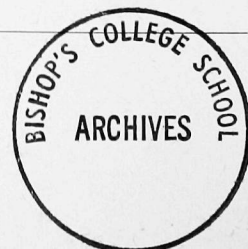
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